

The Waterloo Cup Winner: Scenes on the Course at Altcar.

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

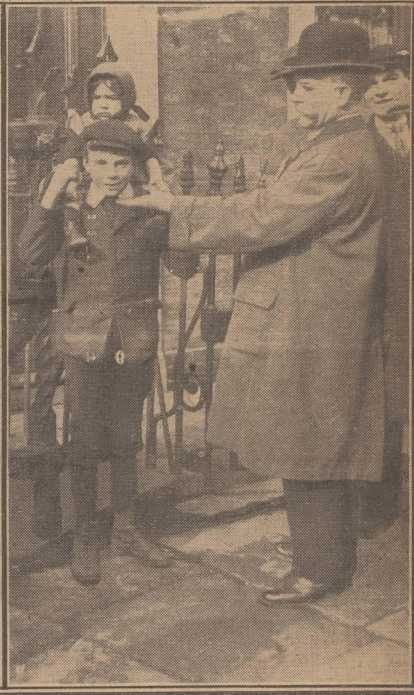
POPLAR STILL LIBERAL: THE GOVERNMENT RETAIN SIR SYDNEY BUXTON'S SEAT



Mr. Kerr Clark congratulates Major Wilson.



Mr. Yeo with his mascot dog, Flossie.



Mr. Yeo, the Liberal, among the children.



Mr. Yeo holding up his presentation boot.



Mr. Clark (wearing bowler) and his sister, Mrs. Astley.

Poplar, which for twenty-eight years was represented by Sir Sydney Buxton, the new Governor-General of South Africa, has remained faithful to Liberalism, and yesterday elected Mr. A. W. Yeo in a three-cornered contest. Among those helping Mr. Robert-

son Kerr Clark, the Unionist candidate, yesterday was Major Sir Matthew Wilson, the victor of Bethnal Green. He is seen being congratulated by Mr. Clark, who is holding a walking-stick under his arm.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

£600 WORD-MAKING COMPETITION!

1st Prize	- £100	5th Prize	- £10
2nd „	- £50	100 Prizes of £1	
3rd „	- £25	100 „ „	10/-
4th „	- £15	1000 „ „	5/-

An extra prize of £10 Cash will be paid to the Competitor winning one of the above 1,205 Prizes whose list is opened first.

This competition has been arranged to introduce Regesan Toilet Preparations, and the prizes will be distributed through Boots The Chemists, who guarantee the perfect fairness and *bona-fides* of the contest.

It is a simple, interesting and instructive competition in which everyone has an equal chance of winning a prize. You have only to make as many words (of four letters or more) as you can from the eighteen letters forming the words

Regesan Toilet Cream

There is no entrance fee, but competitors must attach to their lists a receipt for one of the Regesan Toilet Articles described below, which can only be bought at the different branches of Boots The Chemists.

All Regesan Preparations are of the highest possible quality, and Boots The Chemists have such implicit faith in them that they have no hesitation in giving them their unqualified guarantee.

Only receipts for articles purchased between February 16th and March 9th will be accepted.

CLOSING DATE MONDAY, MARCH 9th.

Regesan Toilet Soap

There is no other article on the market to compare with this delightful soap. Half its base is pure Olive Oil—*pure edible olive oil*, not hot-pressed olive oil, obtained by solvents from the residues, which is a vastly inferior article. Pure Olive Oil, Benzoin and other soothing and healing balsams make Regesan Soap. In its turn Regesan Soap makes perfectly healthy skins and beautiful complexions.

Box of three tablets 1/3

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.



Regesan Tooth Paste

The most perfect tooth paste in existence. Does not merely clean the teeth, but having powerful germicidal properties, protects the teeth from decay.

9d. per tube.

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.

Regesan Hair Tonic

Conveys life to the hair roots and prevents baldness. Enriches the colour of the hair and prevents splitting and tendency to greyness.

1/11 and 3/9 per bottle.

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.



To ensure the absolute fairness of the competition the following gentlemen have kindly consented to form a Committee to award the Prizes:—

H. SIMONIS, Esq., Director "Daily News" and "Star."
G. GODLEY, Esq., Advertisement Manager "Daily Mirror."
R. LEE, Esq., Advertisement Manager "Daily Telegraph."

The counting will be under the supervision of an independent firm of Chartered Accountants, whose certificate will be published with the list of winners. The decision of the Committee must be accepted as final.

RULES OF COMPETITION.

Lists of words must be written on one side of the paper only, and each sheet must bear the competitor's name and address at the top.

The total number of words made must be marked on the first sheet of the list. In the event of a tie the neatest and clearest list will take precedence. Should there be a tie between the number of words sent in, and also a dead level in the neatness and clearness, then the Judges reserve the right to divide the prizes.

In previous competitions of this nature, competitors possessing elaborate and expensive dictionaries have had an unfair advantage, as it enabled them to include practically unknown and highly technical words. The judges, therefore, in making their awards, will use only the following three dictionaries—Nuttall's, Collins's, Chambers' 20th Century. All of these can be obtained at any of Boots branches at a cost of under 3/- each, and are excellent representative dictionaries of the English language. Only words contained in these dictionaries will be counted. Proper names and words of three letters or under must not be used.

No employee of Regesan Ltd., or of Boots, The Chemists, will be allowed to compete. No competitor can win more than one prize.

Entries, with receipt attached, must be received by March 9th. Any arriving after that date will be disqualified.

Prizes will be paid on March 31st. List of Prize-winners will be published in The Daily Mail and Daily News of that date.

Entries must be addressed to—"REGESAN LTD., TRENT STREET, NOTTINGHAM." Mark your envelope "COMPETITION."

Regesan Toilet Cream

This is a cream that you can actually *feel* doing the skin good. When the skin is out of condition a slight tingling occurs after use which indicates that the cream is stimulating and toning up the skin. After a few applications the tingling does not occur, which means that the skin has become perfectly healthy. Regesan Toilet Cream has all the advantages of a Vanishing Cream combined with those of a perfect Cold Cream.

10½d. and 1/6 per jar.

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.



Regesan Shaving Stick

Not like ordinary shaving soaps. It is practically a Solidified Shaving Cream. Leaves the skin beautifully smooth after shaving.

In nickel case 9½d.

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.

Regesan Brillantine

Not sticky, delicately perfumed. Imparts a brilliant lustre to the hair.

9d. and 1/4 per bottle.

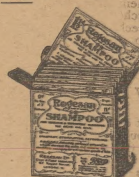
Sold only at Boots The Chemists.

Regesan Shampoo Powders

Suitable for all kinds of hair. Delightfully fragrant and wonderfully cleansing. Makes the hair soft, bright and fluffy.

Box of seven 9d.

Sold only at Boots The Chemists.



Any of above preparations sent post free on receipt of remittance. Address: Regesan Ltd. (TOILET DEPT.), Trent Street, Nottingham.

Remember, Regesan Toilet Preparations are guaranteed by and sold only by Boots The Chemists.

Issued by Regesan Ltd.

LIBERALS RETAIN SEAT IN BY-ELECTION AT POPLAR.

Mr. Yeo Wins Whirlwind
Three-Cornered Contest.

MAJORITY 278.

Dockers Rush to Polls in Motor-Cars—Drop of 1,551 Votes.

Mr. A. W. Yeo (L.)	3,548
Mr. R. Kerr Clark (U.)	3,270
Mr. J. Jones (Lab.)	893

Liberal majority 278
NO CHANGE.

Thus closed London's whirlwind by-elections last night, the Liberals retaining the seat at Poplar, though with a reduction in the majority of 1,551 votes.

The new M.P., Mr. Alfred W. Yeo, L.C.C., is a member of the Poplar Borough Council, and was mayor of the borough in 1905.

Among the many gifts bestowed yesterday on Mr. Yeo were a dog and an old boot, "for luck," as the river said. Mr. Yeo's mascot, which he appeared yesterday, was a bulldog, wearing the Liberal colours.

This by-election was caused by the appointment of Mr. Sydney Buxton as Governor-General of South Africa. His majority at the last general election in December, 1910, was 1,829. The figures then were:—

Mr. S. C. Buxton (Lib.)	3,977
Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett (U.)	2,148

Liberal majority 1,829

BILLSTICKERS WHO STUCK TO IT

Cheered on by a pleased and exuberant crowd that stood safely out of harm's way, four bill-posters had the time of their lives yesterday down Poplar way.

They met accidentally outside the East India Dock gates. Two of them were Unionist bill-posters and two were Liberal.

Without warning almost the battle began. With a great swirl of paste the rival candidates' bills were slapped on a hoarding, but as fast as a Unionist poster was pasted up a Liberal poster was stuck on top of it, and then the work began all over again.

The fun became fast and furious. The bill-stickers stuck bills as if for very life and paste in lavish streams did not always reach the hoarding, but no quarter was given or asked. It was the bill-stickers' battle royal, and ended with honours even.

By motor-car, cab, and even by char-a-banc, Poplar went to the poll after the most exciting election campaign it has ever had.

Great crowds of jovial East Londoners thronged the streets, and, amid a fire of broad banter and exuberant jokes, voters were sped swiftly to the polling stations.

One of the most picturesque canvassers was a fine building of the Rodney Stone breed. He sat on the box seat of a little buggy drawn by a black pony, also adorned with blue ribbons. The interesting pair attracted attention everywhere they went.

BY MOTOR TO POLL.

Never have so many motor-cars been seen in Poplar. At midday both Liberal and Unionist committee rooms had over fifty each at their disposal.

For the first time in its history Poplar enjoyed the benefit of the new act which empowers the authorities to open the polling stations at seven o'clock in the morning.

How keenly this was appreciated may be gathered from the fact that at nearly all the seven polling stations electors were waiting to record their votes. All three candidates were early astir—all in motor-cars.

Mr. Yeo, the Liberal, toured the constituency with Mr. Wedgwood Benn, one of the Junior Government Whips.

Accompanied by his wife, Lady Beatrice Clark, and his sister, Mrs. Astley, Mr. Kerr Clark, the Unionist candidate, made a tour of the polling stations and different committee-rooms. Both were warmly greeted.

A thrill of enthusiasm ran through Unionist workers when Major Sir Matthew Wilson, the victor of Bethnal Green, accompanied by his wife and a party of friends, drove up at one of the Unionist committee-rooms.

Sir Matthew looked tired, but radiant after his hard fight at Bethnal Green.

"I expect there will be a bit of mud thrown at us here!" he jocularly observed to *The Daily Mirror*.

Down a neighbouring street, in a solemn procession, marched a string of girls with sandwich boards, beseeching Poplar to "Keep the Liberal out," and to remember the "fanciful feeling of women." They bore evident traces of attacks by mud-throwers.

NEW MINISTER'S FUTURE.

The defeat of Mr. Masterman at Bethnal Green by twenty-four votes was the dominating topic of discussion in the lobbies of the House of Commons yesterday.

There was much speculation as to the new Minister's future, and it is stated that the question of providing a new seat for him has not yet been considered. It is possible that he may not return to the House of Commons at all, as the position of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster can be held by a Minister who is not a member of the House of Commons as well as by a peer.

Mr. Masterman is at present suffering from an attack of gastric influenza, and will take an entire rest for a few weeks.



Mr. Yeo (x) leaving the Town Hall after the announcement of the result of the poll. There was a huge crowd present.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE END OF FEBRUARY.



Mrs. Morris Edwards helps a tiny diner to cut up her food.



Being a Christmas dinner there was, of course, plum pudding.

A Christmas dinner was given yesterday by the St. Marylebone Dispensary for the Prevention of Consumption. A number of children enjoyed a fine feast, which was held in Regent's Park, in the open air.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

BRITISH RANCHER EXECUTED.

Court-Martialled by Rebel Mexican
Leader and Shot.

WIFE'S VAIN APPEAL.

A Britisher in Mexico—Mr. W. S. Benton, a wealthy ranch owner—has fallen a victim to the revolutionary campaign.

After summary trial by court-martial, which found him guilty of plotting against and insulting the revolutionary leader, General Villa, he was taken out and shot.

Mr. Benton's tragic fate overtook him with extraordinary swiftness, his death apparently being decreed in great haste. What exactly led up to it is not clear, but one account states that Mr. Benton held General Villa up at the point of his gun, ordering the General to prevent the rebels damaging his mine.

Mr. Benton, who is about sixty years of age and was well-known in London, is the brother of Sir John Benton, late head of the Indian Irrigation Department. He had been for many years in Mexico, and owned very large silver mines at Inde, about 100 miles west of Torreón. He was a man of considerable wealth.

DEATH FOR AN "INSULT."

EL PASO (Texas), Feb. 20.—According to news brought to Mrs. Benton by the U.S. Consul at Ciudad Juarez, Mr. W. S. Benton, the British ranch owner, was court-martialled and found guilty of complicity in a plot against the life of General Villa, the Mexican revolutionary leader. He was executed by a firing squad.

According to official information now available, Mr. Benton was executed on Tuesday evening, after a trial by court-martial, presided over by Major J. Rodriguez.

The prisoner, who was not represented by counsel, was found guilty of conspiracy and of provoking and insulting General Villa.

Tuesday was the day on which Mr. Benton disappeared, and if his death on that evening is established it would show that his trial and execution were carried out in great haste.

General Villa has refused to deliver up Benton's body, but has promised that the dead man's grave shall be suitably marked.

Benton's ranch cost him £25,000, and he had improved it greatly.

Mrs. Benton said to-day that her husband had two brothers in the British Army, one of whom was a captain.—*Reuter*.

NEWS BROKEN TO HIS WIFE.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—Mr. Bryan read the report of Mr. Benton's death at to-day's meeting of the Cabinet.

It is stated that General Villa himself shot Benton, who held up Villa at the point of his gun, ordering him to prevent the rebels damaging his mine.—Exchange.

Mr. Benton was placed against a tree and shot immediately after sentence, according to a Central News message. The sad news was broken later to his wife by the American Consul.

It is stated that, exasperated by damage which had been done to his properties, Mr. Benton had announced his intention of denouncing General Villa face to face.

Mr. Benton had been missing since Tuesday, and, according to another message from New York, his wife and relatives, ignorant of his fate, on Thursday sent frantic telegrams to Downing-street and Washington, begging that prompt measures be taken for his protection.

MISSING LIFEBOAT.

Driven Out to Sea While Attempting
Rescue—Wrecked Schooner's Peril.

News reached Queenstown last night of the wreck of the Norwegian three-master schooner *The Mexico* on the Irish coast, close to the Saltees. She was driven ashore during terrific weather.

Two lifeboats proceeded to her assistance and one was stove in against the schooner's side, but her crew succeeded in getting safely on board.

The other lifeboat was driven out of sight by the storm, and, according to a message received in London this morning, has not since been heard of.

Two of the crew of the *Mexico* managed to get on shore and were taken to Wexford Hospital in a dangerous condition.

The crew of one of the lifeboats, added the message, were on board the ill-fated craft, which was expected to break up shortly on the rocks.

TALE OF TWO HALVES.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Feb. 20.—After a night out in Paris an eccentric Englishman handed to a taxicab driver half of a £2 banknote, remarking: "That's all the money I have on me."

This morning the driver presented the half-note at the Bank of France and asked for £2, which the cashier refused to give.

A little later a hotel waiter presented the other half of the note, asking for £2, and explaining that he had received it as a tip from an Englishman.

The cashier set the waiter on the driver's track, telling him that if they presented both halves of the note together he would give them £2 for it.

The waiter found the driver and visited the cashier again, each drawing £1.

'FIGHTING CHANCE' FOR WIFE'S LOVE.

Officer Explains Why He Appealed to Her Lover.

KEYHOLE EVIDENCE.

How and why he loved the man whom his wife had confessed she loved, to give him "a fighting chance" was told yesterday by Lieutenant Arthur G. Muller in the witness-box of the Divorce Court. Lieutenant Muller, of H.M.S. Ragoon, is respondent in a suit brought by his wife on the grounds of alleged cruelty and misconduct. He has brought a counter-suit against her, charging her with misconduct with his old friend and shipmate, Lieutenant Douglas Wilson, of H.M.S. Ariadne. (Photographs on page 8.)

"WILL TRY TO MAKE HER HAPPY."

The President shortly after the resumption yesterday asked Lieutenant Muller to repeat the conversation regarding his appeal to the co-respondent for "a fighting chance."

"I had previously had a conversation with my wife," Lieutenant Muller said. "She told me that she would give me another chance if I did not tell her father and mother that she was in love with Lieutenant Wilson, and if I allowed her to see him."

The President: What did she mean by saying she would give you another chance?

Lieut. Muller: I told her not to run away. I then went to the Ariadne and told Lieut. Wilson that I had heard her previous running away with one another, as she was unhappy with me. I said: "I will endeavour to make her happy. She is going to give me another chance."

He said to me: "The only reason we are not running away is that it would bring sorrow to her parents' grey hairs."

I asked him to assist me to keep my wife with me and he said he would. I said to him, "You can see each other, but don't take her away from me."

The President: Did you ever thought it reasonable that you should have a fighting chance to improve?—Yes.

What did Lieut. Wilson mean by asking you to behave better?—I suppose that he had been complaining that I did not treat her properly.

"I should have thought you would have told him to mind his own business," remarked the President. "I don't understand the situation."

"I ought to have kicked him out," replied the witness after some reflection.

Why did not you?—I thought that if I did not speak to my wife sharply she would go away.

Re-examined: Mr. Tobin, K.C., the witness said that when his wife joined him at Fortrose in Scotland after having, so he alleges, been at the same hotel with Lieutenant Wilson in London, she told him that she had known Douglas Wilson, a man named Saunders, described in a letter as "Cinders," and had been to the theatre in the evening. She did not say anything about Lieutenant Wilson staying that night at Norwood.

Mr. E. W. Marsh, assistant manager of the Euston Hotel, said that on Monday, August 28, 1911, two adjoining bedrooms were engaged.

The entries in the visitors' book were: "Douglas Macdonald, of Earls Court-square," and Mrs. Muller, of Frogmore, Torquay."

A PEEPING MARINE.

It had been previously stated by Lieutenant Wilson's counsel that his case is that he took Mrs. Muller to the hotel in the evening and called for her in the morning. He signed the book in the name of Macdonald because he had not obtained leave to come up to London.

Marjorie Carter, of South Parade, Southsea, said that on one afternoon she went into the sitting-room and noticed Mrs. Muller and Lieutenant Wilson were sitting close together on the sofa.

Mrs. Carter, mother of the previous witness, stated that she had known Lieutenant Wilson go into Mrs. Muller's bedroom.

Nell Stewart, now on H.M.S. Edgar, at Queens-town, said he was formerly on the Ariadne.

On Sunday in October, 1911, when the Ariadne was in Portsmouth Dockyard, Mrs. Muller came aboard and had lunch with Lieutenant Wilson, who was the only officer on board. Mrs. Muller remained from 12.30 to 4.30 p.m.

Mr. Tobin: You were on sentry duty over the captain's cabin?—I was.

Where did they have lunch?—In the captain's saloon.

Where did they go afterwards?—Into the spare cabin.

Witness said he heard kissing, and looked in through the keyhole. By looking up the bottom of a lattice window he could see all the bunk opposite.

After witness had described what he saw, the hearing was again adjourned.

FOOTBALL NAME DISPUTE.

The appeal of A. W. Gamage, Ltd., and Benet-fink and Co., Ltd., against an injunction of Mr. Justice Sargant, restraining Messrs. Gamage from supplying "Orb" footballs other than Spalding Brothers' "Improved Orb" or "Specially Tested Orb" footballs, was allowed with costs by the Master of the Rolls yesterday.

The facts were as follow:—

After Messrs. Spalding had stopped making moulded "Orb" footballs because defects were found in them, and had brought out an entirely new ball, they sold about 5,000 of the old balls to a firm of street-vendor merchants, who afterwards sold them to Gamages at a low price. The balls were advertised for sale with a description taken out of Spalding's catalogue by the person who did Gamages' advertising.

Messrs. Spalding discovered the advertisement was withdrawn. Subsequently Gamages readvertised the balls in a way which they alleged was not open to objection. Gamages advertised the balls for sale at 8d. each, the usual price being 10d. 6d. each.

The Court held the injunction could not be maintained as there was no threat by defendants to repeat their earlier advertisements.

WOMEN MUST STILL OBEY

Proposal to Remove Obedience Pledge from Wedding Service Withdrawn.

Women must still promise to "obey" in the marriage service.

Some expectation that the pledge of obedience would be abolished had been raised by the fact that at the present Convocation the Bishop of Lincoln was to propose:—

That the questions addressed to the man and woman should be assimilated.

That the woman should be asked: "Wilt thou love him, comfort him, honour and help him?"

That those should be no mention of "obedience" in her pledge.

The Bishop, however, asked permission to withdraw the proposal, but not, he said, because he had in any way altered his opinion on the matter.

He thought, however, that he was not likely to carry a large majority of the House in making the alteration.

"Will the House permit me to withdraw it?" the Bishop asked.

A chorus of approval greeted the request.

WOMAN TO LASSO LIONS.

Two "Cow-girls" to Accompany Colonel "Buffalo" Jones on Big Game Hunt.

With two "cow-girls" in his party, Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, the veteran big-game hunter, leaves England on March 5 for the French Congo, where he is going to lasso gorillas, boar constrictors and other wild beasts and reptiles.

Colonel "Buffalo" Jones, who is seventy-three years old, is an American who has been lassoing animals all his life, but never killing them.

When I was five I started catching squirrels," he told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Since



then I have been busy catching and studying animals in all parts of the world."

The inclusion of two "cow-girls" in the Colonel's forthcoming expedition is a novelty which has never been attempted before by big-game hunters.

The "cow-girls" are Mrs. Mary Means and Mrs. Mongey. Mrs. Means, whose husband is the colonel's right-hand man, is one of the cleverest horsewomen in America.

She will ride with the men in the bush, and take part in the dangerous work of lassoing lions, gorillas, and other wild beasts.

"I come from South Dakota," she told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Since I was three I have been a rider and am never so much at home as when I am on a horse. I am looking forward to this trip very much."

BABES IN THE WOOD.

With dozens of hungry sparrows flying round them, fifty London children had a jolly Christmas dinner under the trees in Regent's Park yesterday.

The boys and girls were those who attend the open-air school at the Regent's Park bandstand every day—a novel school which has been organized by the St. Marylebone Dispensary for the Prevention of Consumption.

This was the menu of their dinner:—

Irish stew and vegetables. Oranges. Christmas pudding. Milk.

After crackers had been distributed Dr. Sutherland, disguised as a frog, distributed presents.

THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is: Gale and squally winds from between the south and west; rough and unsettled; rain and hail squalls; some bright intervals; variable temperature.

	Sat.	Sun.
Lighting-up time	6.22 p.m.	6.24 p.m.
High-water at London Bridge	11.25 a.m.	12.42 p.m.

LONDON OBSERVATIONS, Holborn-circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometer, 29.44 in., falling; temperature, 46 degrees; wind, S.E.; fresh; weather, fair to cloudy, with rain at times.

Sea passages will be rough in the south and east, stormy in the west.

A NOVEL ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN.



These motor-omnibuses, which are touring London, are covered with advertisements concerning some of the publications of the Amalgamated Press.

"WAR OF THE ROSES."

Typist's Story of Exciting Scenes in West London Shop.

"HELEN OF TROY."

"Like the Wars of the Roses," was Mr. Justice Darling's comment on a story of a dispute in a Wigmore-street shop, heard by him yesterday and a special jury.

The case was one in which a young woman typist, Miss Marie Helen Carey, of Holland-road, Kensington, sued Mr. Frank Melson Wingate, of College-road, Harrow, for damages for alleged slander and libel.

Mr. K.C., for Miss Carey, said that Mr. Wingate and Mr. Dixey were formerly in business together as opticians. They were joint managing directors of a company until differences arose. Then the staff became divided into two camps—the Dixey camp and the Wingate camp.

"Like the Wars of the Roses," was Mr. Justice Darling's comment.

The alleged slander, went on counsel, consisted of an accusation of dishonesty against Miss Carey, while the allegation of libel arose from the placing of a pamphlet on her desk. It was entitled, "White Slaves of Britain," and counsel said he thought he would be able to show that Wingate not only put it there, but marked passages in it with blue pencil. One of these ran:—

Others have been beguiled by men unworthy of the trust and then left to continue the life into which they have been lured.

Miss Carey, a self-possessed young woman, told her story in the witness-box. She was represented by Mr. Rigby Swift, K.C., for the defendant.

Mr. Swift: Before the pulp was a Mr. Zielander employed by the company?—Yes, for Mr. Dixey's protection.

Mr. Justice Darling: What is Mr. Zielander—a policeman?

Mr. Swift: He is a prize-fighter, isn't he?

Miss Carey said she did not know.

Don't you know perfectly well that Mr. Dixey said he would get a prize-fighter to keep order in the establishment?" asked counsel, amid laughter.

Mr. Justice Darling: What manner of man is this Mr. Zielander?

"Very tall," replied Miss Carey.

"Black or white?" then asked his Lordship. "I suppose he would be rather a good prize-fighter. Apparently he is not an Englishman." (Laughter.)

Mr. Swift: When Zielander got there there were some fights, perhaps?—Yes, Dixey, Wingate and Zielander tried to fight sometimes. Before Zielander got there Mr. Wingate used to go rushing about the office squeaking and so on. (Laughter.)

But Zielander could put Wingate in his pocket, couldn't he?—I don't know. They sometimes fought.

"ARMY BOUND OVER."

Mr. Swift: Dixey went and took out a summons against the public side, didn't he, for threatening to assault, and got them bound over to keep the peace?—Something like that. (Laughter.)

The Judge: So Dixey took out a summons and got them opposing army bound over?—Yes," replied counsel.

Mr. Justice Darling: Just now I spoke of the Wars of the Roses; now it sounds more like the quarrel that took place at Troy. She stayed there, and there they fought. (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Swift: I do not know whether you had promoted yourself to the position of Helen of Troy. Did they fight about you?—Oh, no; about the business.

At the Judge's invitation Miss Carey then described the incident preceding the police-court inquiry.

Mr. Wingate, she said, came rushing upstairs shouting at the top of his voice: "All hands on deck! Knock him down and get that key at all costs!" Workmen followed him, and as they rushed at Mr. Dixey they threw him on the floor.

"Mr. Dixey looked very ill," added Miss Carey. "His eyes were staring, and I was afraid he might be strangled, so I went up and pulled a man's fingers off his throat."

The jury found for the defendant, and judgment was entered accordingly with costs.

(Photograph on page 9.)

£7,000 DAMAGES FOR A GIRL.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—Miss Catherine O'Rourke, in an action against the Cunard Steamship Company and Dr. Robert Bruce, one of the company's physicians, has been awarded £7,000 damages by the Supreme Court at Mincola, Long Island.

Miss O'Rourke alleged that she was publicly charged with being the mother of a child born dead in the steerage of the Company, and that she was abusively treated until the right mother was found.

BANDITS' £8,000 WHISTLE.

Bloodhound Search for Merry Thieves Who Rifled Mail—Escape by Engine.

BIRMINGHAM (Alabama), Feb. 20.—Bloodhounds are being used in a search for three robbers who last night stopped the New Orleans, Limited, on the Queen and Crescent railroad near here, and rifled the mailbags, from which they took over £8,000.

"Who is the chief clerk?" asked the bandits' leader when he forced his way to the mail coach. "I am," replied the clerk. The other officials were then ejected and the chief clerk was told to open the registered mail and "be quick about it."

When he hesitated one of the robbers stuck a knife a little way into his breast, and the clerk then obeyed.

The robbers whistled merrily while ripping up mail sacks.

Wishing the clerk "good luck," they cut the locomotive loose from the rest of the train and jumping on it sped up the line—Reuter.

S KILLED BY EXPLOSION.

Terrible Accident at Nobel Factory Mixing House—Whole Towns Shaken.

Eight men were killed and one was seriously injured in a terrible explosion yesterday at the explosive works of Messrs. Nobel, Ltd., at Ardeer, near Stevenston, Ayrshire.

The explosion took place at 10.7 a.m. in one of the gelignite mixing houses.

So tremendous was the force of the explosion that the roar was heard for a distance of over twenty miles. Whole towns were shaken and horses stamped in the streets of Saltcoats.

The names of the killed are:—

J. Monnell, of Stevenston; J. McManus, of Saltcoats; W. J. Guinea, of Stevenston; W. Kilpatrick, of Stevenston; W. Armstrong, of Stevenston; D. Begbie, of Saltcoats; H. Taggart, of Stevenston; W. McLean, of Saltcoats, who died after admission to hospital.

The injured man is W. Hargreaves, of Saltcoats.

A panic occurred among a hundred girls employed in adjacent huts, many fainting while trying to escape from the flying debris.—One girl had her collarbone broken by some flying fragments.

A second explosion followed, and a great pillar of flame shot up, myriads of sparks flying in all directions.

The building in which the first explosion occurred was completely demolished, not a trace of it being left. The seven men at work inside were instantly killed. Four other men at work near the building had miraculous escapes from death.

PRINCESS'S BLACKMAIL SUIT ENDS.

The evidence is entirely inadequate to show that the defendant had accepted the bribe, and the suit of the letters which have been put in as evidence of blackmail.

Thus spoke Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster Police Court yesterday in discharging Mr. James Henry Maur, of Dryden Chambers, Oxford-street, who was charged with writing letters demanding money with menaces from Josephine Princess of Thurn and Taxis.

"The letters undoubtedly demanded money with menaces," said Mr. Smith, "and it is a case for further investigation. I shall forward the notes and documents in the case to the Public Prosecutor."

The allegations against the defendant were that he met the princess casually, wrote her letters, and after dining out with her and taking her to the theatre, wrote her threateningly in the name of Everitt, an alleged private detective.

FELL DEAD AT WIFE'S FEET.

A strange story of a double shooting tragedy was told yesterday at Wharfedale, Notts, at the resumed inquest on William Houghton, sixty-one, a farmer, and his son Jasper, aged twenty, who were shot dead on February 10.

The elder son, John Frederick Houghton, a corn merchant, aged twenty-seven, is in custody, charged on suspicion with murder, and the jury yesterday returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against him.

At the inquest yesterday it was stated that Jasper's life was insured for a total of £14,500 a few weeks before his death, the policies being with an office of which the accused is the local agent.

Evidence was given that the son Jasper went to bed a few minutes after Frederick had retired, and was shot dead at the top of the stairs. The father, on rushing upstairs to see what was the matter, also met with a shot and fell downstairs dead at his wife's feet.

JURY'S DAMAGES IGNORED.

Although the jury yesterday awarded Mr. Samuel Shears, a boxing manager, £150 damages against Kid Lewis, the boxer, and £100 against Mr. H. Morris, boxing manager, in his action against them for breach of contract, Mr. Justice Avory entered judgment for the defendant after considering the points of law raised.

Plaintiff alleged that he had a contract with Lewis to act as his manager, but that Morris had entered Lewis away. Lewis pleaded that he was an infant.

The following questions put by the Judge to the jury were answered by them in the affirmative:—

Was this a contract for the education or training of the infant in an art, profession or trade for his future profit?

Was it a contract regarded as a whole that was beneficial to the infant?

Did Mr. Morris maliciously procure the infant to break the contract or conspire with him to do so?

A day of execution was granted.



Prince John.

cently had a surprise visit from little Prince John, the King's youngest son. Some months ago these men taught the young Prince to swim. He paid several visits to the Fishing Temple at Virginia Water, and soon learnt the art. After the last lesson the Prince gracefully thanked his instructors, and promised each a portrait of himself. The surprise visit was the sequel. Accompanied by his nurse, he recently called at the men's houses and duly carried out his promise, presenting to each of his instructors the promised picture.

Might Have Disguised It.

A man who professed to be very indignant about it, but wasn't, showed me yesterday a prescription for eyeglasses he had just received from one of the leading eye specialists in London. "I call it insulting," he said indignantly.

I read the physician's instructions. They concluded, "To be carefully fitted to an unsymmetrical face."

"I don't know whether that sort of thing is customary," said the indignant man sadly, "but I think he might have written it in Latin."

A Peer's Artistic Ventures.

Lord Howard de Walden, who is one of the founders of the Crab Tree Club, has made many ventures into the world of art. One was in the establishment of a repertory theatre at the Haymarket. That very fashionable poet, Mr. Herbert Trench, was put in charge, and found the scheme impracticable. Lord Howard de Walden took over *The Academy*, a journal of very quiet and sober literary tone.



Lord Howard de Walden.

Lord Alfred Douglas was made editor, and Mr. T. W. H. Crosland became the chief article writer. For a time the paper was the most lively and slashing thing of its kind in town. Now the old regime has been broken up long ago.

The Card-Case Watch.

I saw the new card-case watch yesterday. It is long, flat and octagonal in shape, made of platinum, and worn attached to a black silk cord which goes round the edge of the watch. The fair Parisienne who showed it to me tells me that everyone will be wearing them soon, that is, everyone who can afford them. This one had a diamond set in the back, and platinum is more expensive than gold. The new watch makes a pretty trinket, and looks like anything but a watch.

Another Biblical Drama.

There is another Biblical play coming. Henry Bernstein has just finished a new drama called "Judith," founded on the Bible story. It is to be produced in Paris at the Vaudeville this year, with Mme. Simone and M. Grétilat in the leading rôles.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Prince's Promise.

The Newest Prodigy.

London is to see—and hear—the new musical prodigy in May. I learn, the seven-year-old Italian boy, Willy Ferrero, whom Italian critics have termed the child Mozart. This small boy has already achieved fame as a conductor, and recently made a great success when he performed before the Tsar. He is described as a pretty, golden-curlled boy who, when he is not playing music, amuses himself with lead soldiers, which he arranges in the form of an orchestra around one figure in the centre which represents the conductor.

Remembers All Wagner's Works.

Willy comes of a family of musicians. His mother is a violinist, his father and two of his aunts are harpists and pianists. Before his third birthday he used to arrange his family into the form of an orchestra and conduct them. Elderly musicians admire, despite their amusement, the autocratic way in which he demands a repetition of a phrase that does not satisfy his precocious ear. Willy, it is said, remembers every work of Beethoven and Wagner. The piano is his favourite instrument.

Cecil Aldin, M.F.H.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, whose splendid sporting pictures have amused us for many years, has become one of the joint Masters of the South Berks Hunt, of which for some years past he has been one of the joint honorary secretaries. And what could be more suitable for a sporting artist than drawing coverts and the pursuit of the brush?

Mrs. "Pat" as a Cockney.

Naturally the most fervent admirers of Mrs. Patricia Campbell are a little shocked at the news that she is going to appear as a Cockney flower girl in the new "Pygmalion" at His Majesty's. Mrs. "Pat" has such a cooing-wind-amongst-willows sort of voice that one hates to think of her adopting the accents of the London streets. Still, she has played this sort of part before in her old melodrama days. And what a wonderful flower girl she will be, just the sort that draws all London to the fountain in Piccadilly-circus.

Her Early Days.

It is not generally known that Mrs. "Pat" was first discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims. He introduced her to the old Adelphi, and for a time it seemed possible that her pale face and black hair would conspire to make her one of those bad ladies of melodrama who live their lives with a bottle of poison in the bosom of their dresses, and tell the audience on occasions that they were good women once. But Mrs. "Pat" soon rose to higher spheres. She is the one actress who avoids being interviewed. She



Miss Mabel Funston, now playing in "The Girl Who Did It."

And Thou, Brutus!

The return of Major Sir Mathew Wilson for Bethnal Green derives additional piquancy from the fact that the new Unionist M.P. is connected by marriage with several members of well-known Liberal families, including the Prime Minister's. Incidentally, he is the seventh Wilson in the present Parliament.

Five Craigs.

The name of Craig is also very strongly represented at Westminster. There are five Craigs who are M.P.s. Of the quintet, the only Liberal is Mr. H. J. Craig, the member for Tynemouth. The four Unionists are Mr. Charles Craig and Captain Craig (prominent Ulstermen), Mr. Ernest Craig (the member for Crewe), and Mr. Norman Craig, the well-known K.C., who sits for Thanet.

Slavery Still?

There is a well-known scientist in London who has a Scandinavian valet. The man came to his master recently in a great state of distress, bearing in his hands a country newspaper he had found.

"Is it still slavery in England?" he asked in alarm.

The amazed master calmed his fears and inquired their cause.

The man pointed to an advertisement in the newspaper, and asked what it meant. The announcement was headed, "Great Auction Sale of Swedes."

The Taximeter Figures.

Why is it that the numbers on our taximeters are so ridiculously small? At the present time the figures denoting the charge on our taxicabs are like pinpricks on the surface of the meter. There is plenty of space, and there are plenty of short-sighted people. So let us have larger numbers.

The "Duke" and the Duke.

Mr. George Graves, who plays the Duke of Monte Blanco, was entertaining the Duke of Newcastle behind the scenes of the Drury Lane pantomime on Thursday night. The Duke sat on a form in the wings and chatted with Mr. Graves as he rushed to and fro during the various scenes.

Little Renee Mayer, who plays Puck so delightfully, came up and was introduced to him. She told him how she loved the part, and that it was all like a "big game."

How She Became a Star.

Renee Mayer told me the story of how she came to be a Drury Lane "star." "Four years ago, when I was ten years old, I used to dance at private theatricals. Mr. Curzon saw me dance, and later on, when he was shooting with Mr. Collins, mentioned my name to him, and—here I am! Isn't it wonderful?"

The Polish Edison.

The genius of Poland, "the land of sorrows," usually finds expression in music and literature; rarely in invention and mechanics. Mr. Kasimir de Proszynski, a slender, nervous, handsome young Pole, now living in London, is a successful inventor who, in the cinema world, is called "The Polish Edison." He has, it is asserted, as many patents for cinema mechanism as the great American inventor.

Films for All.

I saw Mr. Proszynski's latest invention at the Royal Photographic Society's rooms the other night. It is a simple moving picture camera that takes and projects pictures with the same apparatus. Instead of an ordinary tape-like film, Mr. Proszynski has devised a wide moving band of celluloid that takes the pictures in series like the lines on a printed page. Mr. Proszynski estimates that his invention will reduce the cost of a fifteen-minutes picture from £5 to 3s., thus bringing the cinema within the reach of every amateur and headmaster.

Take the Lot.

It is a good story of Mr. Fred Kerr, the actor, that Mr. R. E. Howard tells in the March "London Magazine." Kerr was playing at Ranelagh, and at the Lake hole drove eight successive balls straight into the water. He had no more left in his bag, and there was nothing more to be done—except one thing.

Seizing his bag of clubs, he walked dramatically to the lake's edge. Then, in a broken voice, he said: "Old pond, have these as well!" and turning, with a sigh, walked home.

But Too Late.

I heard of a touching example of kindness to animals in an application made in the Paris civil courts this week.

One of the vice-presidents of the French Society for the Protection of Animals asked the president of the Seine Tribunal, M. Monier, to allow the official seals to be removed from a room in which a suicide had been committed five days before so that eight canaries which were imprisoned in a cage might have food and water given to them.

M. Monier immediately granted a special order, and the door of the room was opened by an official of the Court. Seven of the canaries, however, were already dead, and the kindly vice-president was only able to save the life of one bird.

The Little English Theatre.

This evening Mr. Philip Carr inaugurates his little English Theatre in Paris. Philip Carr is the son of Mr. J. Comyns Carr. Apart from his great capabilities as a critic and producer, he is famous because he never wears an overcoat. Mr. Carr on a frosty day is the coldest sight in the world.

THE RAMBLER.

CHEAP HATS NOT WANTED

Woman Writer Says the Price Fascinates and Not Utility.

Cheaper hats for women—cheaper, pretty hats, too—hats even for 7d.!

One would have thought that such a prospect would have brought joy to the hearts of most women.

The Daily Mirror showed, both in pictures and description, how it was possible to make a smart and charming hat for a very small amount—the actual sums in the examples shown were 7d., 8d., 9d. and 11½d.

But women do not seem to want cheap hats! Without exception, every woman's letter on the subject to *The Daily Mirror* condemns the very idea of a cheap hat.

"The more expensive anything is, the more it is appreciated by women," writes one correspondent, "and women who wear the very latest type of hat, so new that not other women has seen it, do not mind what they spend."

A well-known woman writer says:—

You men seem to take a malicious interest in every announcement of cheap hats for women. It is quite true that our sex is inclined to extravagance in the matter of millinery, for the average woman would rather pay five guineas for a hat than five shillings. Men err in regarding women's hats wholly as things of utility, whereas they usually are ninety-nine per cent. decorative, like the frame of a picture.

It is the price of a hat that fascinates the average woman, and not its utility.

Another girl told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that cheap hats can really be made, and be made very becoming, too.

MIDNIGHT DRAMA IN CASTLE ROOM.

"Psychic Excitement" of Polish Count who Shot His Wife and Nephew Dead on Boudoir Threshold.

In the dark hours of the night, on the threshold of the boudoir in the castle of Dakowy Mukre, Posen, Count Mielczynski shot his wife and his nephew dead.

This thrilling midnight melodrama is the subject of a trial at Meseritz, and all Prussian Poland is intensely interested in the story.

The characters in the tragedy are as follow:—COUNT MATTHIAS VAN BRITZDZEWO MIELCZYNSKI, who is forty-four years old, lord of the manors of Koobnitz with Woicelchowo and Nowina, Godziszewo with Morig, Great and Little Grotzky and Nieborza; a member of the Reichstag; a fair-haired, good-looking man who not long ago aspired to be the leader of the Polish Party; he is thirty-nine years of age, a very handsome woman, devoted Countess Potok-Potocka, and also for the manager of Count ALFRED MIANCZYNSKI, her half-sister's son.

The prosecuting authorities held that he had committed the deed when in a state of "extreme psychic excitement."

At his trial yesterday, says Reuter, he said he was guilty of having killed his wife and nephew, and fired under dire provocation.

Judgment will be given to-day.

Count Mielczynski married his wife in 1896; he had previously shot himself in the presence of his wife's father because he had refused to consent to the marriage.

After time the couple separated, and reconciliation only came about in 1912, when the countess succeeded to the Dakowy Mukre property.

The Count was living with her there in December of last year, when the young Count Alfred Mianczynski came on a visit.

The two men and the Countess had spent the evening together. They separated for the night, the Countess retiring to her rooms on the ground floor, and the Count to his on the first floor.

Precisely what happened during the night is not yet clear. The Count's story is that, hearing unwonted noises in the small hours, he imagined that burglars were in the house, and taking a loaded shotgun went in pursuit of the intruders. The noises led him to his wife's boudoir. From the adjoining bedroom he heard sounds which threw him into a tempest of jealous fury. In that moment the couple within the room—the Countess and Mianczynski—apparently alarmed by his approach, rushed out of the room. Mianczynski shot them both on the threshold.

The young Count was killed on the spot, and Countess Mielczynski died before the horrified servants could summon the village priest to administer the last rites of her Church.

(Photographs on page 9.)

Lord Rosebery was awarded compensation yesterday against the London and North-Western Railway Company for damage to his yacht, which on August 27 last was run into by the company's steamer Greenore in Lough Carlingford Harbour.

POCKETS FOR PICKING.

New Fashion in Women's Dress That Should Make Thieves Busy.

Pickpockets may expect a rich harvest, for women are now wearing their watches in "man" fashion outside their coats and with the chain across their chests.

"This idea has not yet become the vogue in London, but in Paris," said a fashion expert (who has just returned from Paris) to *The Daily Mirror*, "all the fashionable women slip their watches into little breast pockets, fastening the chain through the button-hole in the lapel of the coat. The chain is allowed to hang, and is easy to snatch."

In some cases the fob hangs down from the watch pocket.

Pockets are to be quite a feature of spring fashions for women. After being forbidden pockets for years, women have now come into their own again in this respect.

From Paris, too, are expected knee pockets. These are pockets set in the dress just above the knees and disguised by a sash effect.

Then there are the hip pockets in the culotte skirt, the revolver pocket at the back of the trouser skirt, the fantastic pocket adorned with a button or bow on the front of the blouse, and the large useful side pockets of the greatcoats and sports coats.

A long bag pocket, made of the same material as the dress, will also be carried.

On Page 11—"Trim, Taut and Tailor-made"—the 1914 Sports Girl's Dress; Our Children's Saturday Corner; Three Girl Drivers and Our Weekly Toilet Talk.

NUGGET

BOOT POLISHES

NOW SOLD

IN 3 SIZES

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DO YOU KNOW
That the Finest Boot Polishes obtainable—
"NUGGET" BOOT POLISHES

are now sold in 1d., 2d. and 4d. tins?
Ask your Bootmaker or your Grocer for the Best Boot Polish in the World at the
price of inferior substitutes. Ask for "NUGGET" Boot Polish and see the word
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REFUSE ANY OTHER—REMEMBER YOU WANT "NUGGET."

"Did you **NUGGET** your boots
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BEAUTIFUL BLOOMS

of perfect shape
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will be your re-
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A GARDEN rich in Flowers, Foliage, and Fragrance—that is
the kind of garden Ryders Seeds will give you—a successful
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pleasure and no regrets.

Sow Ryders Penny Packet Seeds and rest content, for
Ryders Seeds are fertile and come from healthiest stock.
Send for Ryders 1914 Catalogue.

Full of valuable information and descriptions
of all the best and newest strains in flowers
and vegetables. Illustrated from actual
photographs taken on the Seed Farms.

This Catalogue is free to you. Send for it NOW.

Use Ryders soluble Manure.
Easily applied, inexpensive
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Large tins of Ryders Soluble
Manure, 2s. 6d., smaller size,
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TO EVERYBODY WHO IS GREY.

Message from the Greatest Living Authority on
Hair Culture to Every Grey-haired Man and Woman

ASTOUNDING SUCCESS OF MR. EDWARDS' LATEST
INVENTION—HIS GENEROUS GIFT TO THE NATION.

FREE REMEDY TO ALL.

Thousands of grey-haired men and women
have written to Mr. Edwards, as the recognised
authority on all hair ailments, pleading
for help and advice.

That they have not approached him in vain
is evidenced by the many expressions of heart-
felt gratitude and praise for the wonderful
benefits conferred upon them by the perma-
nent eradication of all signs of greyness from
their hair and the preserving of their youth-
ful appearance, through which they have
been enabled to maintain their position in the
business and social sphere. Now that
greyness has become so
prevalent and that the
fame of Mr. Ed-
wards' treat-
ment has spread
so far and wide,
he finds it im-
possible to
treat each case
individually.

Feeling,
however,
that he can-
not disregard
the appeals
of the nation,
he has come
forward with

A MAGNANI- MUS OFFER

Every Grey-
Haired lady and gentle-
man will
benefit by this
great offer—
an offer which
can be appre-
ciated by
those who
know how
all previous
attempts to
cure Grey-
ness by per-
nicious hair dyes, etc., have failed, and how
completely ASTOL, Mr. Edwards' discovery,
has succeeded.

You need only fill in the Coupon below to
secure a Bottle of ASTOL—a natural prepa-
ration which causes the hair to colour itself
—Free.

ASTOL has aptly been described as
"Nature's own remedy for Greyness." It is
not a dye, but a food for the pigment cells—
the tiny organisms which supply the hair with
natural hair-colour.

Artificial colourings at best only give tem-
porary satisfaction, and always mean disaster
to the hair itself.

Better a thousand times have totally white
hair than suffer baldness and scalp irritation
caused by hair-destroying chemical dyes.

THERE IS NO MYSTERY.

The enduring success of ASTOL in curing
Greyness is due to the fact that it assists
Nature. It reinforces the hair pigment cells
so that they produce a never-ceasing flow of
colour to the hair, and it also gradually gives
the hair a healthier and more youthful appear-
ance.

ASTOL is the result of closest personal
study and knowledge of the hair.

The free public distribution of ASTOL will
be the means of making many homes brighter
—many men appear younger and more self-
reliant—and will restore to ladies the charm
of their younger days.

ASTOL only takes two or three minutes to
apply, and when once your hair's colour has
been restored you need only use it occasion-
ally. There is no bothering and annoying
dyeing to be performed day by day—year in
and year out.

READ THIS REMARKABLE LETTER—

A Lady writes: "I must give my testi-
mony to the wonderful power of 'Astol'.

At the age of 30, owing to my greyness, I
looked quite 45, and in consequence I
found that I was debarred from taking
active part in the amusement of younger
acquaintances. None of the so-called
cures availed, and with hair considerably
deteriorated I at last decided to give
'Astol' a trial. . . . The complete
colour is now restored to my hair, and I
am young again."

This letter is not an unusual one; in fact,
some of the testimonials which have been
received (all unsolicited) give particulars of
cures which seem almost
miraculous.

If your hair is grey or
growing grey, lose no time
in taking a course of
"Astol."

Enthusiasm over the amazing
cure is noticeable in every
class of Society. The man
"too old at forty," who has
seen himself superseded by
younger-looking men not one
whit more active than he, has,
with his youthful looks re-
stored by "Astol," once more
taken his place in the van of
the struggle for superiority.

The Society
lady, whose
life has been
embittered by
the loss of that
admiration and
homage which
is her just due,
is able once
more, young-
looking and as
charming as
ever—thanks
to "Astol"—
to come out of
the obscurity
into which her
greyness had
driven her.

LET ASTOL
RESTORE
THE LOST
COLOUR TO
YOUR HAIR
Remember
that ASTOL
is a natural
nourishment



AND THEIR CURE

As illustrated above, greyness may be due to a variety of causes.
"Astol" effectively cures all forms, whether of long-standing
nature or recent growth. Send to-day for a Free Home Trial
Sample, with full particulars, obtainable by using coupon below.

for the hair-colouring tissues.

ASTOL cures all forms of greyness.

ASTOL quickly renews the natural colour of

grey or white hair.

ASTOL cures total greyness, even of long

standing.

ASTOL eliminates patches of greyness

over the temples and near the ears.

ASTOL makes you look years younger in a

few weeks.

USE THE COUPON WITHOUT DELAY.

Upon the well-being of your hair depend your
future prospects, and it behooves you, therefore, as
Mr. Edwards naturally cannot distribute an un-
limited number of samples, to apply at once for
your free trial of ASTOL.

Simply fill in the Coupon and send it, with 2d.
stamps to pay postage, and by return you will re-
ceive—

(1) A trial bottle of ASTOL.

(2) "Good News for the Grey-Haired," a
booklet, fully describing this wonder-
ful natural cure.

The trial will prove to you the value of a full
course of treatment.

ASTOL is obtainable in 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.
bottles from all Chemists and Stores, or direct, post
free, on remittance. Foreign postage extra,
Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.

"FOR CURING GREYNESS" FREE COUPON.

To EDWARDS' HARLENE CO.,
104, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Please send the Free Trial Treatment of
"Astol" (in plain sealed wrapper) I enclose
2d. stamps to pay postage anywhere in the
world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 21/2/14.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1914.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

WE were sitting at the table after lunch, with a pleased sense of the fact that we had nothing to do that afternoon. It is the only thing worth doing—if you have plenty to talk about, the right kind of friends to talk to, a reasonable taste for beautiful things and books, an excellent cook and good wine. Nothing to excess; but the world's gifts, recognised for what they are worth; they call it Epicureanism, even Hedonism; which, as Walter Pater used to say, "produces such a bad impression on the minds of those who don't know Greek." Call it, however, what you like: it has much to be said for it. So we felt, as the coffee came round.

But then one of the guests showed that his habitual creed was not the Epicurean. We saw him adding milk to his coffee. Certainly our host would not permit this. And, indeed, he soon remarked: "My dear fellow, milk in your coffee—I mean in my coffee—after lunch?"

The guest replied: "Ah, well, you see, we are in England."

"But my cook is French."

"I wish I'd known."

"Change your mind and have another cup."

Another cup was brought. We all stirred the delicate drink tenderly. Its fumes are more romantic, to the philosophical mind, than those of any other drink. They promote discussion. They stimulate the mind. They may be deadly. They may give us arthritis and neuritis and gout. On the other hand, they may not. To-day they are dangerous. To-morrow the doctors will recommend them. (We are still speaking of the fumes and, by implication, of the drink.) What doctors forbid to-day they recommend to-morrow. How wise then, to ignore them and drink your coffee—without milk.

Without milk, if there's a French cook, or parlourmaid, or butler, or someone to prepare the coffee. But how seldom does this happen! A day or two later, we dined at an English inn, not far from London. We called for coffee after dinner. A great interval passed. A far clashing and clanging was heard. At last, a sort of tin can in upright shape was produced, from which a thin-tinted liquor was poured, all smoking, into a cold cup. We gazed, as though bent on divination, into its depths. 'Twas a dubious pool, on whose surface floated circles of grease. It tasted of tin—no, of soot, mingled with a faint flavour of pepper. It was coffee. It was English coffee. It was the sort of coffee to which milk must be added in order that it may—if it must—be swallowed with a silent prayer. And this sort of coffee you get still, in this Twentieth Century, in England, when there are no French people about.

Why is it? Must it always be so? Should we renounce our heritage of Empire and unlink our hands across the sea if it were not so. Should we cease to make money and . . .

But what is the good of talking? Waiter. Waiter. Waiter, we say! Waiter, please take away this coffee, will you, and bring the bill? Thank you!

Here is the bill. One and sixpence for the coffee! W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

He alone is happy who can say: welcome life, whatever it brings; welcome death, whatever it is. —*Bolingbroke*.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

"WHAT ARE THE MEN ABOUT?"

HOW many women are there who have never had even one offer of marriage?

I should say, very few. And I must conclude that your correspondent's "sweet woman of thirty" must have lived in an exceedingly secluded village if she has escaped all offers of the sort. Ormonde Gate, S.W. M. M. T.

IT is perfectly true what your correspondent, "Happily Married," points out—that the best and truest women often do not get married, because men—especially young men—are so much attracted to the foolish and showy type of girl. "No one has ever asked me"—that rather pathetic confession has come to me also from a number of delightful women. And I, like your correspondent, ask: "What are the men about?" Person-

THE PET DOG.

YOUR correspondent, "Lover of Animals," forgets that to pamper a pet dog is to be cruel to it. We who love dogs object to such pampering, not because it is "paying too much attention to a mere animal," but because it is doing an animal harm. OWNER OF MANY DOGS.

"THE GIRL WHO SMOKES."

IS not your correspondent, Mr. Rimmer, guilty of making even a more sweeping statement than Mr. Mason—i.e., "the pungent odour of tobacco is perceptible in the person of everyone who smokes."

The odour may possibly be pungent to Mr. Rimmer, but there are many thousands, even of non-smokers, who do not consider the odour objectionable. I am by no means writing in defence of the girl

AN ENGLISH RAILWAY UNDER AMERICAN SUPERVISION.



This is what the terrified average Englishman evidently thinks is going to happen to the Great Eastern Railway now that an American general manager has been chosen to superintend it. Probably he needn't be quite so grievously alarmed.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

ally, I have nothing to reproach myself with. I waited to get married till I was past thirty, but then I married the woman I still love—not only for looks and show, but for her sweetness of disposition and charm of manner. I have never regretted my marriage, but I regret every day the foolishness in the choice of many young men whom I see about me. G. L.

ANOTHER SPRING.

If I might see another Spring
 I'd listen to the daylight birds
 That build their nests and pair and sing.
 Nor wait for mateless nightingales;
 I'd listen to the lutey herds,
 The ewes with lambs as white as snow,
 I'd find out music in the hail
 And all the winds that blow.
 If I might see another Spring—
 Oh stinging comment on my past
 That all my past results in "it"
 If I might see another Spring
 I'd laugh to-day, to-day is brief;
 I would not wait for anything:
 I'd use to-day that cannot last.
 Be glad to-day and sing.
 —CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

who smokes, but would like to say that even the "pungent odour" of tobacco is not half so odious in the smoking girl as some of the scents used by her more ladylike sister. C. J. F.

TO-DAY'S DINNER-TABLE TOPICS.

Bethnal Green, South Bucks, Poplar—What you think. Are we English too modest in business? Do we let other men get the jobs because we don't proclaim our own merits loud enough? An Englishman tends to dislike "swank." This doesn't help him in business sometimes. What you would do with a real live kingdom if you had one offered to you, as the Prince of Wied has just "come into" Albania.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Payable in advance and including postage: Any part of the United Kingdom at 1d. per day; four weeks, 5s.; three months, 6s. 6d.; six months, 13s.; one year, 26s. To subscribers abroad at 9d. per week: three months, 9s. 2d.; six months, 18s. 4d.; twelve months, 36s. 8d. Weekly parcels (foreign) at 7d. per week: three months, 7s. 1d.; six months, 14s. 1d.; twelve months, 28s. 2d. Weekly parcels (Canada and Newfoundland), three months, 4s. 6d.; six months, 8s. 8d.; twelve months, 17s. 6d. Overseas Weekly Edition, attractively bound in illustrated cover—To Canada, twelve months, £1 14s. or \$5; six months, 10s. 6d. or \$25. All other foreign countries—twelve months, 30s.; six months, 15s. Remittances should be crossed Counts and Co., payable to the Manager, *The Daily Mirror*.

BRAINS IN BUSINESS.

Is the Englishman Too Lazy to Make Good Use of His Abilities?

THE American man of business has neither more nor fewer brains than the Englishman. He uses them better—that's all. His method's different. He is out for change and novelty. He thinks himself as "has-been," so long as he isn't moving—moving in ideas, moving in notions to make the business better.

The Englishman has good brains. But he doesn't want to be made to use them. He wants his fixed job and to keep close hold of it. You'll have to alter some of that. MERE YANKEE. Carlton Hotel.

IN reply to "C. E. J.," of Debdon, Purlicu, Hants—all that I can say about him is that he does not know what he is talking about. To be real American about it, I must say he is talking through his hat—meaning he does not know what he is talking about, especially about a railway, for if he did he would know the immense size of U.S.A. compared to England—the amount of traffic and grades that the railroads have to overcome, and the amount of speed they maintain. I don't want to boast, or "swank," as it is called here, but if the American railways had as easy a place to survey and lay tracks as you have here in England, and the small mileage compared to America, were as large as America is, we would never have the terrible accidents you have had here in the past year—accidents which there was absolutely no excuse for—accidents which have never happened in the history of railroads in America.

For instance, an express engine has never in America had to stop because it could not keep up steam, and to stop and wait till it got steam enough to go ahead again, which an English engine did attempt, but never did do it, and the consequence for the proceeding engine or train to crash into such engine or train.

When anything happens to an engine or train in America, there is a flagman, whose duty is to get off at once and go back about a half a mile to put torpedoes on the track.

A. L. LEWIS.
 [We print our kind correspondent's letter as nearly as possible in the original American.—Ed. D.M.]

LORD Claud Hamilton has been business foresight. This appointment of an American to manage one of our large railways will do to English railways what the "All Blacks" did to Rugby football. The Americans have taken us out of a good many ruts.

It is not that we have no men (we have the finest trained men in the world), but directors will listen to entirely new blood rather than to those who are always with them. I have seen this in other countries. R.

I AM of opinion that Lord Claud Hamilton's action should effect great alterations in the present system of our English railway companies.

However, much the facts are disguised, it often happens that the men who are capable of filling positions that call for intelligence are debarré because they do not happen to be in a certain rut or belong to a particular grade. The companies often lose a great deal on account of this class distinction.

Would it not be better to have a system that would enable a man to be changed from one grade to another if his abilities warrant it instead of keeping him stuck in one department and practically one grade throughout the whole of his career? WAGES-CLERK.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 20.—Clematis may be planted now with every hope of success.

The clematis likes a rich and deep soil, and should be set, if possible, in a position where the full sunshine does not fall on the lower part of the stem. Plant from pots and place the roots well down in the ground.

Montana is a rampant kind bearing white starry flowers in May. Other beautiful kinds are Villa de Lyon (crimson), Duchess of Albany (pink), alba magna (white), Lord Neville (pale blue), Jackman (purple). E. F. T.

MARINE'S STORY IN DIVORCE SUIT.

THE KING'S HORSE FALLS



Mrs. Muller.



Lieutenant Muller.



Lieutenant Wilson.



Neil Stewart.

Neil Stewart, a marine, formerly on the *Ariadne*, was the principal witness in the naval divorce suit yesterday. He said that when that vessel was in Portsmouth Harbour Mrs. Muller came on board, and, after lunch with Lieutenant Wilson, who was the only officer on board, the pair went into the spare cabin. He heard kissing, he continued, and looked through the keyhole. Mrs. Muller is seeking a divorce, while the husband, Lieutenant Arthur G. Muller, has brought a cross-petition, citing Lieutenant Douglas H. Wilson as the co-respondent. The two officers are old friends and shipmates.



Twelfth Lancer (nearest camera) taking the first fence.



His fall, immediately following a mistake at the water.

To the general disappointment of a large crowd who had hoped for a royal victory, Twelfth Lancer, the King's Grand National candidate, came to grief in the Trial Steeplechase at Kempton.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

WAR ON A FILM: THE TURK FIGHTING THE BULGAR AND THE SERB.



The victorious Servians and Bulgarians pursuing the Turks into the woods.

A realistic film entitled "The Crossed Flag," which has just been made by the British and Colonial Company, will enable people to realise something of the horrors of war. The



Nurse Eileen bandaging a wounded officer.

combatants are the Turks and Bulgarians and Servians, and the battle scenes are most thrilling.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)

DEATH OF R. L. STEVENSON'S WIDOW.



Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of the famous author, whose death is announced from Santa Barbara, California. She is seen in the group marked with a cross, seated next to her husband. She had keen intellectual interests, and was a perfect companion for her husband, stimulating him in his literary tasks.

DICKENS' GRANDSON MARRIED.



Mr. P. C. Dickens, son of Mr. Henry Dickens, K.C., and grandson of the novelist, and his bride (Miss Sybil Cunliffe-Owen), after their wedding in London yesterday.

POLISH COUNT ON TRIAL.



The Countess.



The Count.

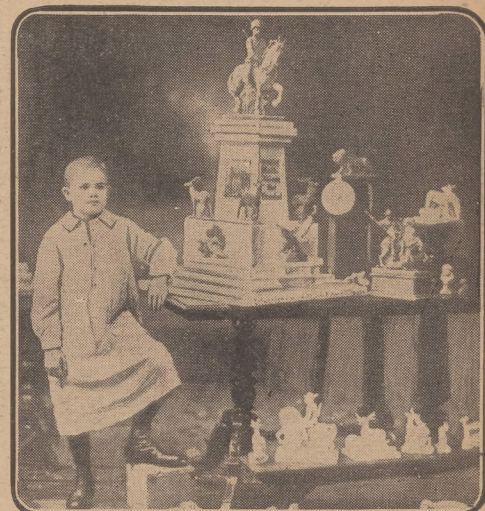
Frantic excitement prevails in the little Polish town of Meseritz, where the trial opened yesterday of Count Matthias von Mielczynski for killing his wife, a noted beauty, and her nephew. He pleads "the unwritten law" and brain storm.

TYPIST'S ACTION.



A story of how two partners in a firm of opticians fought battles was told before Mr. Justice Darling yesterday, when Miss Marie Carey, a typist, sued Mr. F. M. Wingate for damages for alleged slander and libel. The picture shows the plaintiff (the figure in the background) leaving the court.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

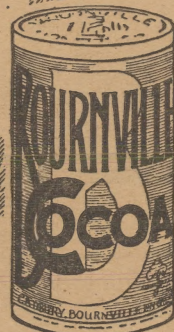
BOY SCULPTOR AGED TEN.



Robert Ulmann, of Hilder, near Dusseldorf, who has just held an exhibition of his works. He cut out silhouettes when only two and a half, and began to model independently at the age of five. He possesses a wonderful talent for claywork, and great things are expected from him.

Bournville Cocoa

In our uncertain climate the best protection is a cup of Bournville Cocoa. It can be readily prepared at any time, the flavour is delicious, and it is very comforting and sustaining.



BOURNVILLE CHOCOLATE. "Perfect Chocolate Flavour."

YOUR Baby will thrive on—

Neave's Food

OLDEST, CHEAPEST, and STILL THE BEST.

A Mother's Testimony: Mrs. J. Kain, 6, Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes: "Dr.—ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have reason to be grateful to my doctor for his advice, because I have never lost a night's rest with any of my children, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your food also does away with all need of medicine and castor oil."—22nd August, 1912.

Sir Chas. A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., Medical Officer of Health and Analyst for Dublin, writes: "An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of infants . . . and being rich in phosphates and starch, is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—British Medical Journal. "Well adapted for the use of children and aged people . . . much used by mothers nursing and by invalids."

Has for many years been used in the Russian Imperial Family.

NEARLY 50 YEARS' REPUTATION. GOLD MEDALS, LONDON 1900 and 1906, also PARIS.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN TINS AND 4d. PACKETS.

Useful Booklet, "Hints about Baby," by a Trained Nurse, sent free. Sample for 2d. postage—mention "Daily Mirror"—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., Fordingbridge

STONE'S GINGER WINE

In Bottle of all Grocers and Wine Merchants, and on draught at all Bars.



'Nublic' Soap Competitions

January Prize Winners

BOYS—FIRST PRIZE, £5.

Donald Swaine, 5, Queen's Terrace, Marshfields, Bradford.

SECOND PRIZE, £2 10s.

Serge Baglin, 21, Fossdale Road, Sheffield.

THIRD PRIZE, £1 10s.

Norman Price, 12, Wickham Road, Beckenham, Kent.

FOURTH PRIZE, £1.

Clifford G. Bailey, 26, Park Street, Abergavenny.

FIFTH PRIZE, 10s.

Tom G. Osborne, 111, Monks Road, Exeter.

Twenty-five prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following:

Eric G. V. Allard, "Theia," The Crescent, New-road, Bromsgrove; John Bado, 3, Twerdmouth-road, Plaistow, E.; Henry S. Baird, 14, Wilkiss-lane, Hawkhill, Dundee; W. Barker, 18, Raven-road, Nether Edge, Sheffield; W. Burleigh, 10, Walworth-terrace, Glasgow; Robert G. Clark, 53, Fenay-lane, Fenay Bridge, nr. Huddersfield; Arthur H. Colman, 59, The Grove, Camberwell, S.E.; Harry F. W. Conyers, 148, Westgate, Wakefield; Leonard Crossley, 42a, Sheepcote-st., Leeds; Stanley Hinchliffe, Union-grove, Union-road, Liversedge; William W. Kearey, 11, Church-road, Cheetham, Manchester; Charles E. Moxon, 39, Daniel-chill, Uppertorpe, Sheffield; Tomny Osborne, 26, Upper Grange-street, St. Albans; John Lawson Patingale, 50, St. Andrews-road, Portlady-by-Sea; Charles Pinder, 42, Carter Knowle-road, Sheffield; Walter Preston, 48, Houghton-place, Beeston-road, Leeds; Victor C. Rose, 50, Clerdon-road, Beckenham-road, Penge; J. Singer, 16, Deansgate, Leek, Staffs; Jack E. Slaughter, 185, Kings-road, Reading; Stansfield Smith, 116, Burnley-road, Accrington; George Taylor, 4, Park-terrace, Thrybergh, Rotherham; Charles White, 19, Hereford-st., Grange, Cardiff; Sidney D. White, 43, Greening-street, Abbey Wood, S.E.; Harold A. Williams, 164, Reginald-road, Eastney, Portsmouth; Harold Woodruff, 23, Mario-street, Dewsbury-road, Leeds.

GIRLS—FIRST PRIZE, £5.

Mary Firth, c/o Mr. Harrison, 5, Mexboro Drive, Chapeltown Road, Leeds.

SECOND PRIZE, £2 10s.

Evelyn Grove, Ivydene, Halesowen.

THIRD PRIZE, £1 10s.

Nellie Reynolds, The Lawn, Horley, Surrey.

FOURTH PRIZE, £1.

Eunice May Owen, Tycanol, Crwbin, Llangendirne, Kidwelly.

FIFTH PRIZE, 10s.

Glady's Whybrew, 58, Newcombe Road, Earlsdon, Coventry.

Twenty-five prizes of 5s. each have been awarded to the following:

Winnie Anstee, 28, Newcombe-road, Luton; Phyllis Blackley, 12, Chisley-avenue, Moston, Manchester; Ethel D. Borrett, Platte Saline House, Alderney; Mary A. Bradbury, 20, Ashton-road, E. Fallowfield; Ivy E. M. Chappell, 52, Bishop-street, Alexandra Park, Manchester; Winifred Cornish, 39, Munro-road, Jordanhill, Glasgow; Mary K. Derbyshire, 41, New River-street, Epsom New-road, Wexham; Elsie Fairchild, 36, Beaton-road, Sparkhill; Edith M. Fields, 48, Nelson-road, N. Great Yarmouth; Mildred V. Freemantle, 15, Pratt-street, Camden Town, N.W.; Jean C. Fulton, Pitcon, Dalry; Lily Gibbs, 3, Wayside Cottages, Churt, Farnham; Florence Hindley, 106, Fire-lane, Leigh; Elizabeth Johnston, 29, Adelaide-st., South Shields; Marion Bowle Lacaille, Welshot House, Cambuslang; Lily G. Lambert, 109, Marylebone-road, London; Edie Osmond, 27, Belmont-road, Brimsington, Bristol; Dorothy Pearson, 2, Winchester-road, Pendleton; Margaret Pickles, 83, Scotland-road, Nelson; Annie Scholer, 46, Woodgate-street, Bolton; Lily Shorter, 29, Arthur-street, Gravesend; E. Stuart, 57, Bryne-road, Balham, S.W.; Amy Wells, 91, Island Wall, Whitstable; Edna Wilshear, Beccles-road, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft; Ella M. Wilson, 13, Fasset-road, Kingston-on-Thames.

OPEN TO ALL—FIRST PRIZE, £10.

Percy J. Brooks, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

SECOND PRIZE, £5.

Miss M. McColl, 77, Walter Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

THIRD PRIZE, £3.

M. Warburton, 21, High Street, Sandgate, Kent.

FOURTH PRIZE, £2.

Miss E. Ireland, Henthorn, Clitheroe.

FIFTH PRIZE, £1.

Miss M. Fortescue, 109, Beckett Street, Leeds.

Twenty-five prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to the following:

Miss L. Carr, Lyndale, Park-crescent, Tonbridge; L. Costain, 10, Bank-street, Castletown, L. of M.; Mrs. Cottam, Chadward, Bourton-on-the-Water; Mrs. Grouch, Pamphill School, Wimborne; Mrs. Davis, 9, Queen-street, Wellington, Salop; Gerald R. Flint, 17, Bolton-lane, Ipswich; Mrs. E. Ford, 33, Sedgwick-road, Leyton; Mrs. R. S. Holey, 103, Granville-road, Poxdown, Bournemouth; Miss M. E. F. Hyland, West-street, Chesterfield; Mrs. A. Keeping, 84, Brading-road, Brighton; Mrs. Kernick, Mellor, Blackburn; Mrs. E. A. Miller, 135, Napier-road, Gillingham; G. Mills, 1, Thornham-lane, Slattocks, Castleton, nr. Manchester; T. H. Newson, Clare, Suffolk; Miss H. P. Paine, The Elm, Letcham, Gillingham; Mrs. W. Skinner, 54, Chillingworth-street, Maidstone; Nurse E. R. Smith, 14, Coldershaw-road, West Ealing; Mrs. W. Start, 61, Cedar-road, Nottingham; Mrs. M. D. Symington, 54, Hailsham-avenue, Streatham Hill; Miss G. M. Thomson, Bedford, Manor-road, Wallington; W. J. Ward, Holywell-lane, Conisbrough; Miss S. Warner, 4, Barnard-avenue, Bishop Auckland; Mrs. V. A. Wigg, 38, Suffolk-road, Milton, Portsmouth; J. E. Williams, 31, West-street, Pontypridd; J. T. Williams, Dolcoed, Abermanor-road, Aberdare.

Several competitors were again disqualified owing to omission of name and address and forgetting to enclose Nubolic Wrappers. (Rules must be observed.)

Competitions for the Present Month close February 28th.

Send Postcard addressed as below for full particulars.

Remember, every competitor may also compete for the GRAND FINAL PRIZES, particulars of which will be announced in due course.

Next month's Competitions will be announced early in March.

"Nubolic Dept." Joseph Watson & Sons, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds.

"TRIM, TAUT AND TAILOR-MADE."

That Is What the 1914 Sports Girl's Dress Will Be Like.

COAT'S NEW PHASE.

New Materials Pressed Into Service, and Fit Smarter, Though Still Easy.

Dress for the 1914 sports girl is the subject of the next *Daily Mirror* demonstration, which will take place at Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, at 2.30 p.m. on Monday.

Typical English girls wearing appropriate millinery and the latest things in smart sports coats over their short skirts will parade before the visitors while the demonstrator explains the values of the various garments and gives expert advice as to the styles and colours which should be chosen by the different types of women.

"Trim, taut and tailor-made" is the expert's description of the new season's sports girl. The coat—the all-important garment—has entered upon an entirely new phase.

LESS "FLOPPY" THIS YEAR.

"The floppy appearance is to some extent going," explained Messrs. Peter Robinson's yesterday. "It is now the aim of the smart sports-woman to look compact. The lines of the sports coat to be worn this spring are more defined on the shoulders, the fit is smarter, although still easy, and they are altogether more 'tailored' in effect.

"The small woman, more particularly the narrow-shouldered woman, found the very floppy coats somewhat trying, and she will welcome the change. A good model for the woman with narrow shoulders is a belted coat with either the new panel back or a deep yoke, sleeves set in and rather square-cut collar.

"Among the newest shapes are several which might have been specially designed for the stout, matronly figure. While they are compact and smartly fitting at the neck and shoulders, they do not indicate the slightest suggestion of a waist, and it is this straight up and down effect which is so very helpful to the woman with a pronounced figure."

TWO NEW STYLES.

There are two new styles of sports coats, however, which must be rigorously avoided by the stout woman.

One is the long-waisted coat belted below the pockets. To a slender woman, whether tall or short, this short, belted coming many inches below where the waist-line would be, is most becoming, but it accentuates the size of the hips. The same

'DAILY MIRROR' DEMONSTRATIONS

MONDAY NEXT—"The Sports Girl." Demonstration of new models for varied types. 2.30 p.m. Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street.

WEDNESDAY NEXT—"Hairstressing in Relation to New Spring Millinery." 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. At Selfridge's, Oxford-street.

"The Corset." Basis of all schemes of dress. The importance of corsetry for various types of women. Lecture-demonstration by Mrs. Marsh, manageress of Sandow's Corset Company, St. James-street, S.W. Date to be announced.

"Right Hats and Wrong Hats." Repeat demonstration with many new features. Messrs. Derry and Pome, High-street, Kensington. Date to be announced.

drawback applies to another very fashionable type of sports coat which is finished with a pretty little frill on the hips.

SOME FAVOURITE MATERIALS.

Here are the expert's notes on some of the favourite materials in which the spring and summer sports coats will be seen—

Valenstein.—Summer-weight corduroy in clear, bright colourings will go well with checked or white skirts. Waterproof gab coating.—Has distinct economical value, for it gives all the utility of a waterproof with the smartness of a well-tailored and up-to-date sports coat. The new make of gab coating is softer in texture and very light in weight.

Waterproof velours coating.—A new material in black and white and bright-coloured checks. Very smart in appearance as well as being rainproof.

Cotton sponges.—Much finer surface than the sponges of last season, and therefore keeps clean longer. Three-quarter length coats in this material in checks and broken checks in light and dainty colourings are to be worn with white tennis frocks and summer gowns generally. They will cost the dust coat, the special merit of the new make being that it will not crush and soil in a wear or two, as did the long white linen coats.

New nap coats.—Good for hard wear, for they do not show any marks or rain spots. Much lighter in weight than blanket cloth.

A new velvety ribbed material with stockinette back.—This will take the place of woollen coats, and as it is "tailors' wall" is more suited to the new fashions in sports coats.

Yet another aspect of the sports wardrobe which will be dealt with at the demonstration is the vogue of checks.

"I have braided my hair with bands of gold—bands of gold on my ebony tresses," sings Jacob's granddaughter in "Joseph and His Brethren." Ebony, brown, dark brown, or any desired shade can be obtained by simply combing Seeger's through the hair. Seeger's has an annual sale of over 400,000 bottles. A medical certificate accompanies each package. If greyness is approaching or has arrived do not wait another day. If you enclose seven stamps to Hindes, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, London, you will receive a sample bottle privately packed, which will enable you to prove the simplicity of the Seeger method, if it is not already known to you. The full size bottle of Seeger's is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere for 2s.—(Adv.)

OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.

Wonderful Adventures of Jack and Joan on a Bird's Back in the Clouds Begin This Week.

My Dear Boys and Girls,—You will have two new little acquaintances from this week onwards—Jack and Joan, whom you see in the picture below. They have just been having the most wonderful adventures, and you see them merrily starting off on a visit to the clouds!

Until last Tuesday they had never had any very special adventures. Tuesday was a glorious day, with great banks of snow-white clouds sailing in the blue sky. "How lovely to fly up there and explore!" cried Jack.

There was a squeaky sound like a rusty key turning in a lock. "I will take you," said a croaky little voice. They looked down and saw, sitting on a marigold, a tiny old man with a long white beard and a green sugar-loaf hat.

"My name is Green Cap," he said. "All children know me. I will take you—for a kiss!"



Four prizes and a number of certificates are offered for colouring this picture.

THREE GIRL DRIVERS.

Will They Show Themselves as Efficient as Male Rivals?—Next Week's Test.

Two girls, with coats off, smartly fixing a Stepney wheel on the back wheel of a motor-car on which the non-skid tyre had just burst—this was the spectacle that gathered an interested crowd at the corner of St. James's-street and Pall Mall.

They were two of the trio who are trying to show in *The Daily Mirror* test that women can become efficient motor-car drivers as quickly as men. The business-like way in which they effected the repair and then were driven off by the third girl was one of the many indications that they are succeeding. With the close of the third week of their training to-day they are looking forward hopefully to an examination for the Automobile Club certificate next week.

They have been giving great satisfaction to their instructors at the Hounslow-road garage of Motor Schools, Limited, of Heddons-street, Regent-street. Driving lessons in streets have been the chief feature of this week's instruction, and they have gone a long way towards mastering the mysteries of reversing.

OUR CORNER FOR FLOWERS.



A true of a modern hyacinth looks superb. The bells are large and well shaped, the foliage is stately, and the stem thick and sturdy. While the bloom is developing a little fertiliser is an aid to even greater size.

Jack and Joan both kissed him on his funny little nose, and immediately they became very small, and a lovely bird with blue wings fluttered down beside them.

They clambered on his back and away they flew—right up into the sky. You see them looking very, very happy. Mother is holding out her arms for her babies to come back, but she knows they will come to no harm.

Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks and send it, with your name and address, to "The Children's Corner, *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.," so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next.

Four prizes are offered for the best attempts—5s., 3s., and two of 2s. 6d. each—while several certificates of merit will be awarded. Prizes for colouring the "funny old porker of Perth" are awarded to "First (5s.), Doris Huntley (aged twelve), Blakesley, Westbury-road, New Malden; second (3s.), Winnie K. Scott (aged fourteen), Logierait Mill, Ballinluing, Perthshire; third (2s. 6d.), Archie Hanson (aged twelve), 81, The Crescent, Croydon; fourth (2s. 6d.), Marjorie Day (aged seven), Deepdene, First-avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea. Good-bye until next week. AUNT MARY.

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS BILIOUS!

Don't Hesitate! A Laxative Is Necessary if Tongue Is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach Out of Order.

Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful to-day often saves a child from being ill to-morrow.

If your little one is out of sorts, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with tainted breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a chill, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating undigested food and bile will gently move out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and cleanse the stomach, and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your chemist for a bottle of California Syrup of Figs, and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Of all leading chemists, 1s., 1d., and 1s. 9d. per bottle. Avoid substitutes. —(Adv.)

Chest Colds

CAPSICUM "VASELINE" does all the good things that a mustard plaster could do—does them better; and has none of its disadvantages—does not blister the skin. For Colds and Pains in the Chest, Throat, and Lungs, for Stomach Cramps, Chills, and all RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC and GOUTY COMPLAINTS, for Headache and Toothache the application of CAPSICUM "VASELINE" is the

SAFEST, SIMPLEST AND BEST HOME REMEDY.

In 1s. tins. If unobtainable locally, send P.O. or stamps to Chesbrough & Mfg. Co. (Cons'd), 45, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

CAPSICUM

"VASELINE"

(Trade Mark Registered.)

FLUSH THE KIDNEYS, AND BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE MUST GO.

So Says Eminent Specialist.

If your back hurts flush out your kidneys. This is the advice given by a specialist, who says that backache is a forerunner of the dreaded kidney disease.

Nowadays we eat too much meat, which forms uric acid, excites the kidneys, and they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up, and thereby cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, and bladder and kidney irritation.

The moment your back hurts or you feel your kidneys are not acting right or your bladder bothers you, get an ounce or two of carmalum compound from your chemist and take 8 to 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water 3 times a day; after meals, and your kidneys will then act fine.

It tastes pleasant, stimulates the kidneys to a healthy action, and cleans them right out, enabling them to perform their work as nature intended. It also neutralises the acidity in the urine, so that it no longer irritates, thus ending all bladder disorders.

This fine old recipe has kept many people young even in their old age, and for those past middle life it is almost indispensable. Anyone suffering from Kidney or Bladder trouble should give it a trial. You will probably find it just what you need.—(Adv.)

20,000 Doctors are recommending **FLASMON** ALL NOURISHMENT COCOA

BECAUSE

"It is of INESTIMABLE VALUE as a food beverage for all classes of workers."

50, 9d. and 1/4 per tin.

—Dr. C. Virchow, Berlin.

What Every Woman Forgets.

By HENRY FARMER.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued).

CLOAN kneaded his forehead irritably as the confusion and blur of his brain worried him. He had promised her—Suzanne—to keep clear of the stuff; but somehow he had fallen back on it again. He had fallen back on it the first time he had been out alone, though he had told her that he was absolutely sure of himself. And, when he got home, she would spot it!

A guilty, weak look spread over the cadaverous face that had lost much of its old suggestion of resolution and strong will. He lit a cigar clumsily in the hope of disguising any drink odour that might cling to him.

When Kajah Cloan passed from the car to Menzies House, he leant heavily on his stick and tried to create the impression that physical weakness was responsible for the uncertainty of his gait, and he rang the bell instead of using his latchkey. Caroline Cloan was coming across the hall as he entered. Her pale eyes went dim at sight of the big-looking wreck.

She reached him swiftly, and took his arm. "You've been overdoing it, Michael!" she said, and rejoiced at this opportunity of being able to do a little something for him. During his convalescence he had relied on his wife, not on her. He had looked upon this sister of his—poor Carrie!—as being in the way of a general, practical womanliness. His affection was tinged with contempt, and she saw it. But he was touched now.

"You oughtn't to have gone out alone, Michael. Suzanne ought to have gone with you. If I had known—"

"I insisted, if I don't make a beginning I never shall—I'm not a kid in leading strings. I want to have a talk with you, Carrie. Come into the library."

The slight thickness of his speech was lost on her.

"Now, Carrie," he said, as he lowered himself slowly into a chair, "I want you to cut yourself adrift from those millrats. I've heard all your arguments, so don't go through them again. But you're my sister. I can't have it. You'll kill yourself. Promise me to have done with them—and I'll double your allowance; do anything in my power. What good have you done, are you doing, will you do?"

"Michael," she whispered, "don't ask the impossible!"

She reached out her arms to him in fierce appeal. She could not give up her cause, but she wanted to keep her brother's affection—wanted to continue to share a part of his life.

"And you know my decision," said Cloan, with a touch of his old grimness, though he was not the

"When women have the vote, Michael—"

"Don't start that, Carrie!"

He turned his head. Suzanne had come into the room. His cigar had gone out. He slipped his arm away from Caroline, made haste to light his cigar, and began to puff vigorously. He was not the man he once was.

"I was telling Carrie, Suzanne, that she must stay on here till we go," he said, his speech stronger and more distinct through effort. He got himself out of his chair. "The blow did me good, Suzanne, but I'm feeling rather tired. I shall get forty winks before dinner. No, no, no. I don't want an arm!"

But Suzanne went with him from the room.

Caroline Cloan watched them jealously. When she was alone she gave a number into the telephone.

"Is that you, Kit?" she asked.

"Yes, old girl. How's your brother?"

"Better—but not himself. I'm staying on for a few days. But it's not off. Have everything in readiness. Have you seen that article in the *Daily Record*?" Caroline Cloan's voice went thin with suppressed ferocity. "They say we're breaking up and subscriptions falling off! Let them wait and see."

"I say, old girl," said Kit Pulteney in her devil-may-care, masculine voice. "Any night will do now. She is away in France. The place is to be furnished. You've only to ring me up and say when. I only want half an hour's notice to 'phone instructions to the others—for the car—the punt."

"I shan't want the punt."

"Why not?"

"I've been thinking it out. It is slower. It means three people instead of two. The nights are still warm. People are on the river late—camping out. I prefer to work from the road."

"All right," answered Kit Pulteney, rather resignedly. "But I should have loved to push the punt along for you. You won't want me now."

Caroline Cloan hung up the instrument rather sharply as the door opened, and Suzanne entered. She was looking a very tired woman, but she did not droop under her weariness. She managed to carry her head high.

"I hope you will stay, Caroline," she said.

"Michael wishes it very much."

Miss Cloan nearly showed her teeth.

"Do you?" she whispered.

"Have you ever done anything to make me wish you to?" asked Suzanne, with a wry kind of dignity. "I'm asking you to stay for Michael's sake. You can see—"

"What?"

"That he will never be himself again?"

A THRILLING NEW SERIAL.

THE HALF LIE.

By LAURENCE CLARKE.

Begins in To-morrow's "Weekly Dispatch."

man he had been. And then he relaxed. "Anyway, come down to Brighton with us—think it over."

"I cannot, Michael. You're better. I must go back to my work."

"Well, stay on here till we go. It may not be for a fortnight. I've one or two things to fix up."

"Would you like me to?" The intense eagerness of her question was pathetic.

"Yes. But understand, Carrie, you behave yourself while you're here. This house isn't going to be turned into a conspiracy shop."

She writhed at the thought. But she had a haunted feeling that Michael was not long for this world. Moreover, in the name of the cause, she granted herself absolute freedom for all falsehoods, prevarications and unscrupulous conduct. She had used the telephone much during her stay.

"That poky little flat of yours," went on Cloan rather mumbly, "gets on my nerves when I think of it. Where you're here I do know you get proper food regularly."

Again Caroline Cloan's pale eyes dimmed. Michael's manner was less impatient and dictatorial than of old. But it frightened her, because he was unlike himself.

"I'll stay," she answered, at the same time granting herself absolute freedom for intended violations of his stipulation. If there's anything I can do for you, Michael, secretarial, work, anything—let me!"

"Thanks, Carrie. I'll be glad to have you."

She went to him with the suggestion of restrained impetuosity that was one of her characteristics and kissed him. He slipped an arm round her waist and she flushed painfully.

"Poor old Carrie. Some times seem like a dream—those days before I cut my cable and sheered off from home."

She was very acute-sensed, but she did not recognise the slightly maudlin note in his rather mumbly voice.

"And you and your dolls! What a one you were for dolls! Do you remember how you rounded on me and scratched my face when I handed one of 'em and its head couldn't stand the strain of the drop?"

Caroline Cloan laughed her thin laugh. There was a sob in it.

"It's often struck me," went on Cloan, with his arm still round her waist, "that if you were to set yourself some such task as looking after other folks' babies—the babies of people who can't look after them themselves, unwanted babies, and so on—you might find happiness and would be doing some real good."

Miss Cloan quivered.

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with many. There are none in Shredded A.T.O.R.A. Beef Suet. No chopping ready for use, goes further, sweet and wholesome. Your grocer sells it, refuse substituted brands.

(Adv.)

(To be continued.)

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No more relying upon "gravy salts" that fail in colour, or thickening, or flavour.

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If good cooks didn't believe it,

Bisto wouldn't have the enormous sale it enjoys. And Bisto is wonderfully good for thickening soups and enriching stews and meat puddings.

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THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Churchill Flies at Hendon.

Mr. Churchill paid his first visit to Hendon Aerodrome yesterday afternoon, and, despite the high wind, went for a flight with Mr. Spencer Gray.

Distinguished Invalids.

Mr. Lloyd George, who is suffering from influenza, and Sir George Trevelyan, O.M., were reported to be better yesterday, but Lord Minto was very weak.

Not Letting Bygones Be Bygones.

The doubtful validity of numbers of marriages—some nearly 200 years old—which have been solemnised in churches not licensed for that purpose will be rectified by a Bill.

"Censure is All I Get," says Airman.

"Censure is all the thanks I get for the Paris-Cairo flight," M. Vedines is said to have remarked, states the Central News, after being censured by the French Aero Club Committee for his conduct at Cairo.

Princess's Birthday Salute.

Bells were rung and a royal salute fired at Windsor yesterday in honour of the Princess Royal's birthday.

Little Grist to Cotton Mills.

Owing to scarcity of orders notices that short time would begin next week were posted yesterday in a score of Manchester weaving mills.

Why They Did Not Bid.

At a sale of the Cambridge Street Tramways Company yesterday undergraduates wanted to buy a tramway-car, but their desire vanished when they were told they would not be allowed to run it along the street rails.

All That Ho Had.

When probate was granted recently of the will of Mr. John Brady, of Dublin, who, dying on February 17, 1913, left his property to the cause of temperance, his personal estate was valued at £137s. of which £210s. was paid in fees.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Hungary's Loan Over-Subscribed—A Prosperous Brewery Company.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

Under the lead of Consols, which fell at one time to 75 15-16, and closed 1/2 lower on balance at 76 1-16, the Stock Markets yesterday were again depressed. Home Rents showed another long list of small losses, Canadas, Americans and Trunks all declined, and lower prices were reached by numerous Oil and Mining shares.

As was generally expected, Hungary's £3,000,000 Loan, of which £1,500,000 was available for the public, proved an immediate success. The lists, which were opened at ten o'clock, were closed about an hour and a half later, the issue having been largely over-subscribed. The good result was, no doubt, due to influential auspices under which it was floated, for the results of other loans suggest that the public's appetite for new issues is practically satisfied.

Canon's Brewery Company has enjoyed a prosperous year. The report, just to hand, for 1913 shows a total balance of £247,780, and a final dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum is recommended on the Deferred Ordinary shares, making 15 per cent. for the year, against 7 per cent. for 1912. The sum of £10,000 is placed to reserve, £3,000 to dividend equalisation account, and £43,584 is carried forward.

Among Newspaper prices Amalgamated Press Ordinary and Preference were again quoted at 5 1/2 and 22s. respectively. Associated Newspaper Ordinary and Preference remained at 24s. 3d. and 21s. 6d., and Pictorial Newspaper Ordinary and Preference at 22s. 8d. and 18s. 6d.

BRACED FOR THE ORDEAL.

A public-house in Persia, at which it was only possible to obtain tea or a smoke, was described as typical of the country by Major P. Molesworth Sykes, in a lecture last night on Persian life, at Albemarle-street, W.

As an instance of the difficulty experienced in getting Persian women to pose for their photographs, Major Sykes said that a group only consented when a doctor who was travelling with him promised them a plentiful supply of medicine.

CROSS-COUNTRY CONTESTS.

Haydock Park: Northern Senior and Junior Cross-country championships.

North Wembley: West End A.A. championships. and below: Thame Valley H. Inter-club race with Usbridge and West Middlesex A.C. and Goldsmiths' College. Highgate: Shaftesbury H. v. Stonebridge Park and St. Mary's H.

Usbridge: Usbridge and West Middlesex A.C. open walking race.

TO-DAY'S HOCKEY.

Aberdeen: Scotland v. Wales. Tulse Hill v. Surbiton. Oxford U. v. Wimbledon. Blackheath v. Worthing. Cambridge U. v. Essex. Southgate v. Hampton. Bromley v. Staines. E. Sheen v. Kingston Hill. Richmond v. Croydon.

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WATERLOO CUP LUCK.

Duke of Leeds Owns Runner-Up for Fourth Time—Dilwyn Wins.

Dilwyn, owned by Messrs. S. M. and J. E. Dennis and nominated by Mr. A. F. Pope, won the Waterloo Cup at Aintree yesterday, when in the final of the great coursing tournament she defeated the Duke of Leeds's Leucorix, which filled the nomination of Major R. McCallmont.

It was the fourth occasion that a dog belonging to the Duke of Leeds had reached the last stage, but like Leucorix, Lapsal, Lavishly Clothed and Lang Syne all failed in the



MESSRS. DENNIS, THE OWNERS OF DILWYN.

decider. The Duke of Leeds also had Legal Letter in the final of the Purse, but the stakes were divided with Mr. Brookbank's Brummagem.

The surprise of the last stage were, of course, the defeats of Distingue and Tide Time in the semi-final round. This pair were confidently expected to figure in the decider, but both were well beaten. The defeat of Tide Time by Leucorix was perhaps the biggest surprise, for the winner of 1912 was well beaten after showing much the better speed from the slips.

In the other semi-final Dilwyn was too clever for her kernal companion Distingue, and she was always favourite for the decider. In the last round Dilwyn was always too fast for Leucorix, and she was a clear winner when she finished a fairly short course with a kill.

The Plate was notable for the victory of the Australian candidate, Once Australia, one of the dogs brought to England by Mr. Oscar Asche, the actor. She filled the nomination of Mr. J. Brann. Mr. Asche's other Australian dog, Captain Wood, was beaten in the second round of the Cup.

YESTERDAY'S COURSES.

WATERLOO CUP (with cup value £100 added by the Earl of Sefton), for sixty-four subscribers at £25 each.

SEMI-FINAL ROUND.

Mr. A. F. Pope vs Messrs. Dennis's DILWYN beat Mr. J. E. Dennis vs Messrs. Dennis's DISTINGUE. Betting—9 to 4 on Distingue.

Major R. McCallmont vs Duke of Leeds' LEUCORIX beat Mr. J. Brann vs Mr. Asche's TIDE TIME. Betting—5 to 2 on Tide Time.

FINAL.

DILWYN, by Bachelor's Ace-Denise, beat LEUCORIX, by Lottery-Gayfield. Betting—2 to 1 on Dilwyn.

WATERLOO PURSE.—Final—Mr. H. Brookbank's BRUMMAGEM and the Duke of Leeds' LEGAL LETTER divided.

WATERLOO PLATE.—Final—Mr. J. Brann vs Mr. Oscar Asche's ONCE AUSTRALIA beat Mr. Cockerill's FAST SAM.

Votes for Biomalz

Dr. S

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

Dr. W

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

Nurse E. S.

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual pallor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "Whatever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 21bs. per week during a month's treatment.

Mrs. D. (Doctor's wife):

After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

Indeed: There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anæmic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anæmic children.

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P310



LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

DELPHI, Strand. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Musical Production in 2 Acts, **THE GIRL FROM UTAH**. Matinee Every Saturday, 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645, 8886 Ger.

LDWYCH.—**THE QUEEN'S CHAMPION**. Evenings, at 8. Matinee, Wednesdays, 2.30.

AMBASSADOR'S. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. **THEIR OWN GREAT DEATH**. ANNA KARENINA. By G. Haddon Chambers. Matinee, Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Hagart 2890, 4242.)

APOLLO.—3.30. **CHARLES HAWTREY** IN NEVER SAY DIE, by W. H. Post. 2.15 and 8.10. "The Wife Tamer". Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.15.

COMEDY.—**THE TYRANNY OF TEARS**. By G. Haddon Chambers. Mat. (both plays), Weds., Sat., 2.15.

DALY'S THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' Production. **THE MARRIAGE MARKET**, a Musical Play, in 5 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

DRURY LANE. TO-DAY, 1.30 and 7.30. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., 1.30. **THE SLEEPING BEAUTY** REAWAKENED. GEORGE GRAVES and FLORENCE SMITHSON. Box-office, Tel., 2688 Ger.

DUKE OF YORK'S.—Last 2 Performances. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. **CHARLES FROHMAN** presents **QUALITY STREET**, by J. M. BARRIE. LAST MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.

GAIETY.—By 2 and 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS' New Production, **AFTER THE GIRL**. Matinee Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

GARRICK.—At 2.30 and 8.30. Louis Meyer presents **WHO'S THE LADY**, new 5-act farce from the French. Mats., Weds., Sat., 2.30. (100th time Wed.)

HAYMARKET.—**WITHIN THE LAW**. To-day, 3 and 9. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30, 8.30. "A Dear Little Wife". Mat., Weds., Thurs., Sat.

HIS MAJESTY'S.—TO-DAY, at 2.15 and 8.15. **THE DARLING OF THE GOATS**. HERBERT TREE. MARIE LOHR. Matinee, Weds. and Sat., at 2.15. Tel. Gerr. 1777.

KINGSWAY.—**THE GREAT ADVENTURE**, by Arnold Bennett. 2.30, 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat.

LITTLE THEATRE, John-st. Strand.—3 and 9. KENELM FOSS presents "MAGIC", by G. K. CHESTERTON. 2.30 and 8.30. "The Music-Cure", by BERNARD SHAW. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. City 4927.

LYCEUM PANTOMIME, BARNES IN THE WOOD. LAST DAY. TO-DAY, at 2 and 7.30. Prices, 5s. to 6d. Children at Matinee, 4s. to 6d. 7017-G Ger.

LYCEUM.—Wednesday next, Feb. 25, at 7.45. New Drama, "YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU", by Percy Gordon Holmes. Produced by Walter and Fredk. Motville.

LYRIC.—**THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T**. TO-DAY, 2.15 and 8.15. MATINEE, SATS., at 2.15.

NEW. TO-NIGHT (Saturday), at 8. Durrant Swan will present a new Musical Production, **THE JOY-RIDE LADY**. Music by JEAN GILBERT.

PRINCE OF WALES. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.30. SEYMOUR HICKS and ELLA LINDIE TERRISS, in **BROADWAY JONES**, by George N. Colman. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

PRINCE'S.—NIGHTLY, at 8. Matinee, Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S New Romantic Play, **THE STORY OF THE ROSARY**. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5983 Ger.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents a Great New Actor in a Great New Play, **WALKER WHITEHIDE** IN THE MOUNTAIN POT, by Israel Zangwill. Evenings, 8.15 sharp. Matinee, Wed., and Sat., 2.30.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ROYALTY.—**THE PURSUIT OF PAMELA**. R. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. (Last 2 performances.)

ST. JAMES'S. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.40. **THE ATTACK**, from the French of Henry Bernstein, by Georges Feytaud. GEORGE ALEXANDER and MARTHA HEDMAN. Last Matinee, To-day, 2.30.

SAVOY. TO-DAY, at 2.30 and 8. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARRER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. MUSICAL COMEDY. Mr. Robert Courtine's Production. **THE PEARL GIRL**. Cicely Courtneidge, Lauri de Proce, Harry Welchman, Jack Hulbert. MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

STRAND.—At 2.45 and 9, Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHESON LANG. LIAN LIAN MATHEWATE. 2.15, 8.30. THE ENTERTAINERS. Mat., Weds., Sat.

VAUDEVILLE, Strand. To-day, 2.30 and 9. HELEN WITH THE HIGH LAND, by Richard Price. Adapted from Arnold Bennett's Novel. At 2.30, Frederic Norton. Mat., Weds., Sat., 2.30.

WYNDHAM'S.—At 2 and 8, DIPLOMACY, by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

ALHAMBRA.—MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8. Revers, 8.40. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., 2.15. Reduced prices.

HIPPIDROME.—Twice Daily, at 2.30 and 8.30. "HULLO, TANGO!" Riffel Levy, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Teddie Gerard, Morris Harvey, etc., etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

PALACE.—RIVALS FOR ROSAMUND. Comedy by ARNOLD BENNETT (first production). SEVERIN-MARS and IRENE BORDINI in LIMPIDARIO (first appearance in England). Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2. Full programme, Evngs., 8.

PALLADIUM.—6.10, 9.10. Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.30, 6.10 and 9.10. Messrs. Julian Wylie and Jas. W. Tate's latest revue, "A YEAR IN AN HOUR." EVIE GREENE, MARIE DARTON, T. E. DUNVILLE, MCNAUGHTONS, FOM EDWARDS, DILLON SHAL-LARD OPERA TRIO, etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Rinking, 4. sessions. Music, Footlights, Cinema, etc. Theatre, "A PLACE IN THE SUN", 7.45. Dulwich Pall. Society in "The Tale of Old Japan", 7.30. Return here, Please arrive at 15. 6d.

MASKELVINE & DEVAUNT'S MYSTERIES.—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Daily, at 3 and 8. "BIF". (The Motor-Cycle Mystery). "THE YOGI'S STAR". etc. Seats, 1s. to 5s. Matinee, 1.50s.

OLYMPIA.—LAST 7 DAYS. CARL HAGENBECK'S WONDER ZOO AND BIG CIRCUS. 11 to 11. BIG CIRCUS, 2.10 and 7.45. AD-MISSION, 1s. 1.500 Free Seats to Circus.) RESERVED SEATS FOR CIRCUS (including Free Admission to Wonder Zoo) can now be booked at the usual Libraries and at Olympia. Tel. Ham. 1597 and Ham. 1840.

SARGA'S Song "MIRAMORE". Velvet-smooth melody. Sarga's great song "Sokah Ailah".—Leonard Co.

SUNDAY EVENING BALLAD CONCERTS. S. QUEEN'S HALL, TOMORROW EVENING, at 7. Eminent Artists, Vocal and Instrumental, etc. POPULAR PRICES, 3s. to 1s. Smoking permitted.

WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC.—Herbert G. Posting at Philharmonic Hall, Great Portland-st. Twice daily, 3 and 8.15. Thrilling Story; Unique Pictures. etc. to 5s. 3003 Mayfair.

WINTER FLYING AT HENDON.—To-day, Sat., Feb. 21. BURBURN BREAHHING, 16 miles Cross-country Race at 3 p.m. Special Exhibition Flights every Thurs. and Sund. aft., 2.30 p.m. till dusk. Admission, 6d. 1s., 2s., 6d.

Keyhole Evidence in the Naval Divorce Suit: Pictures.

TWELFTH Lencer, the King's Grand National Horse, Falls at Kempton: Pictures.

The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

A DICKENS Wedding. The Novelist's Grandson Married in London: Picture.

DILWYN WINS WATERLOO CUP: BEATS KENNEL COMPANION WHICH WAS A FAVOURITE



Where they bet. Backers came to the edge of the ditch and shout their bets across to the bookmakers.



Dilwyn.



Leucoryx.

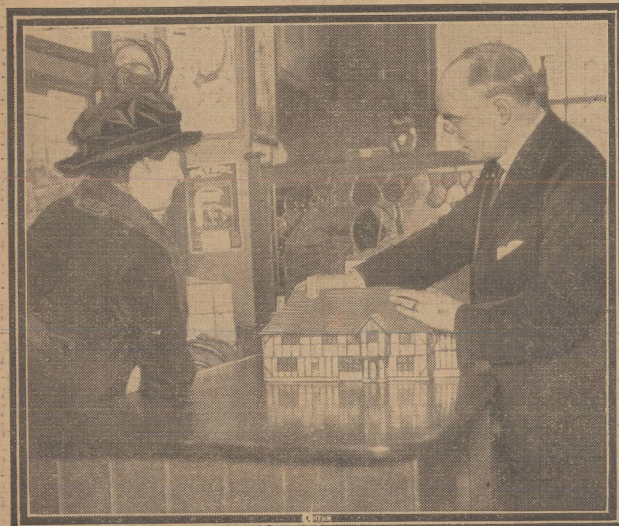
Dilwyn won the Waterloo Cup at Aitcar yesterday after beating Distingue, one of the favourites, in the semi-final, and Leucoryx in the final. Distingue and Dilwyn are kennel companions, both belonging to Messrs. Dennis. The winner was nominated



A costume that is both smart and serviceable.

by Mr. A. F. Pope. There were splendid attendances on all three days, and this year's meeting must be regarded as one of the most successful in the history of the event.—(Daily Mirror and L.N.A.)

HOUSE HUNTING BY MEANS OF MODELS.



Estate agents who wish to keep thoroughly up to date have models made of properties to let. Mr. John B. Thorp, who makes these models, is seen describing a country house to a client.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

KING ALFONSO'S DAUGHTERS AT PLAY.



A happy snapshot of Princess Beatrice and Princess Cristina, the little daughters of the King and Queen of Spain, playing with the sheep's bells in a park at Seville. Princess Beatrice is the elder of the two girls.